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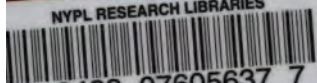
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THE CASTLE HOUSE
ST. ANDREWS
SCOTLAND

To

Andrew Carnegie Esq

from

William Knight.

N

ANDREAPOLIS

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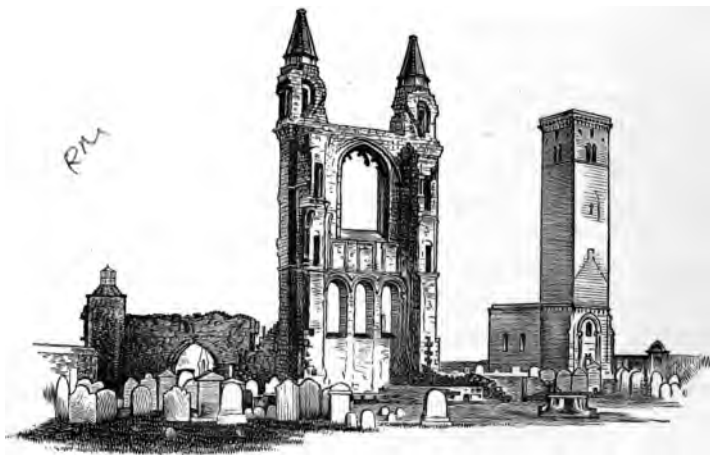
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ANDREAPOLIS

BEING

WRITINGS IN PRAISE OF ST. ANDREWS

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TO
ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL.D.,
LORD RECTOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS,
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED

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P R E F A C E

IN the following list of tributes to St. Andrews I place Sir Archibald Geikie's contribution first, because it deals with prehistoric times and the geological features of the north-eastern coast of Fife. The other papers are arranged in the chronological order of composition or publication. When several extracts are given from one author they are in most instances brought together, although the years are not consecutive ; but, when the interval in time between the contributions is considerable, they are separated.

In the case of John Major, I quote from a recent life of him by Sheriff Æneas Mackay. In some cases, *e.g.* that of Carlyle, the reference to St. Andrews occurs in a contribution

made by another writer. To the Latin poems an English translation is appended.

In such a collection finality is unattainable, because there is no possibility of exhausting available sources ; but I have examined and taken extracts from all those accessible to me, and worthy of preservation.

W. K.

INTRODUCTION

MANY persons associate St. Andrews exclusively with Golf ; and, as a centre for this national sport, it is certainly unique, and retains its primacy undisturbed. There is no finer course, or courses, in the world for the 'Royal and Ancient' game ; and it has nowhere had a more brilliant history than on the links which adjoin our little city by the sea. But it is not to magnify it in this respect that the following pages have been compiled. The literature devoted to golf is a large and constantly increasing one. It is well known, and holds its distinctive place in popular esteem.

Some years ago, however, it occurred to me that a collection of the best things written in praise of St. Andrews—its surroundings, its antiquities, and its ruins, its Colleges, Cathedral, and Castle, its shore and its bay, the ocean that encircles part of it, and the skies that overarch it all—would be interesting, both to the residenter and the casual visitor. A partial realisation of that idea is attempted in this

volume. I have called the book *Andreapolis* (as Arthur Johnston named one of his poems in 1642); but to the Latin title an English one has been added.

To glorify St. Andrews as a University city is happily a work of supererogation. Its University is small, and has always been so. Owing to its position, on a seaboard promontory, remote from the great centres of population and industry—cut off for generations from the main lines of traffic—it has ‘dwelt apart’ and pursued a somewhat solitary way. It has not been greatly moved by the stir of the centuries, during which its teachers have striven to educate the youths who have resorted to it. The success it has achieved is not quantitative but qualitative. It is perhaps to its honour that—in an age which measures most attainments by their utilitarian market value—one small place of learning has gone on its way with quiet perseverance, surrounded (on south and west and north) by younger and much larger Institutions, supposed at times to be ready to take it up within them, if not to menace its very existence. It is notorious that Institutions which are threatened live long; but one of the most interesting things about St. Andrews is the number of its friends, the great ‘cloud of witnesses’ who have either written in praise of it, or spoken in its honour, or proved their devotion by deeds of beneficence.

It is questionable if any University has ever received so signal a proof of the loyalty of its sons—certainly none outside America—as was shown to St. Andrews when an old student, the late Mr. Alexander Berry, afterwards one of the most successful merchant-princes of Australia, drew up a will, in which he bequeathed his whole fortune, reckoned by the million, to his brother in life-rent and to the University of St. Andrews in fee. Unfortunately for the University Mr. Berry died with his will unsigned; and the younger—inheriting the whole of the vast estates, but knowing his elder brother's wish—left £100,000 as a gift to St. Andrews. A similar instance of loyal devotion to the place was seen in the bequest of Sir Taylor Thomson, her late Majesty's representative at Teheran, of £30,000 to found bursaries at the University in which he himself was taught. These gifts are significant signs of the strength of the tie—far stronger than the donors were aware of when they were students—which continues to bind men, after they have gone abroad and amassed a fortune in other lands, to the old place where they were trained in Arts or Science.

In addition to the proof which these donors have given of their devotion to St. Andrews, the extraordinary love which its students have for their *Alma Mater*, and which Professors (who have only spent a year or two in the city, and then gone to other

spheres of labour) share with them, has no parallel in any other Scottish or English university. Some years ago I met, at the entrance-gate of the University of Edinburgh, a distinguished student who had taken his arts classes at St. Andrews, but had gone for his divinity course to Edinburgh. I asked him what he was now doing. He said that he was lingering 'beside his stepmother' for a short time, as in duty bound; but was going off to Germany very soon. The way in which he spoke of the stepmother showed what he thought of his *Alma Mater*.

I have referred to the uniqueness of St. Andrews in everything except its wealth; but it is questionable if any single university in the world—Oxford or Cambridge in England, Bologna, Paris, Salamanca or Berlin on the Continent, any one of the hundred colleges in the United States, or the dozens in Canada—has had so much already written in its praise. Hence this little book. The fascination which the place comes to exert over its students is most subtle. It binds them, or ever they are aware of its existence. Lads from the moorlands of Perthshire or Argyll, trained in remote village schools, youths coming straight from the din of our larger towns, taught in the noisy thoroughfares of Dundee, boys and girls from English preparatory schools, the children of professional men in London or the

colonies (lawyers, doctors, clergy, journalists, literary workers), sons and daughters of the manse in Scotland or elsewhere, all find out in a very short time that the hand of the past as well as of the present is upon them, and that they are bound to the place where they are being trained by a curious magnetic spell. Letters are constantly received from old *alumni*, occupying positions of distinction in our own and other lands, who write of the University—of the days they spent in it, and of its influence over them—with an ardour which makes the ordinary resident wonder what can possibly have given rise to it. Such letters, written with all the glow of perfervid youth, lead their recipient to ask, ‘What is the *cause* of this enthusiasm?’ Is it the long history of the City which attracts and fascinates? Is it the ruins, the links, the sand dunes, the grand sea-coast (attractive alike in storm and calm)? Is it the library, with its mediæval folios and modern books, delightful to every one bent on knowledge? Is it the Students’-Union, or the College Societies,—the philosophical, the literary, the musical, the dramatic? Is it the social life of the place, and the kindness of so many of the citizens to the students? Is it the University Golf Club, its Artillery Battery, its Football, or its College Chapel services? Or, is it something of all of these combined?

Perhaps it is mainly due to the unceasing influence

of a great historic past, blending with the intellectual and social life of the present hour. It is well known that the *genius loci* exerts itself most powerfully, when one is least conscious of it. Anyhow, very soon after arrival in the city, the novice gets to understand the meaning of the words, which our old English dramatist John Webster wrote :

I do love these ancient Ruins ;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon a reverend History.¹

It is superfluous in this Introduction to describe the City in detail, so much has been written about it, and is reproduced in the pages which follow. But its charm is a never-ending theme to those who know it, and remains to them a topic of unfailing interest. It is erroneously said to be a treeless district, for inland it is happy in its woodland ways ; while all its surroundings are unique. Some of them may be mentioned. The walk along the cliffs by the sea-coast eastwards to the Maiden, the Rock and Spindle, and the Buddo, with the wonderfully intertwined strata below high-water mark ; the road thence to the Kenly Burn at Boarhills, and further to the old-world town of Crail ; the walk westwards by Mount Melville to Magus Moor, with its delight-

¹ From his *Duchess of Malfi*.

ful pine-wood, in which is a monument in memory of Archbishop Sharp, who was murdered there; the short climb thence to the ridge of Drumcarrow, whence the view of distant hills, of the city, and of the sea, is so grand, and the descent by Strathkinness to Leuchars; the magnificent walk from the old station by the historic Norman church of Leuchars, and by Earls hall to Tentsmuir, and round the coast to Tayport—Tentsmuir, where grouse have been introduced, where rabbits are so tame, where strange birds are to be seen, and after a storm the riches of marine zoology (shells and zoophytes) are tossed up upon the sands, and where in time of winter frost skating may be enjoyed on several land-locked pools; the view from the city itself, especially from the Scores or the Castle, or the top of St. Regulus' Tower, of the lower Sidlaws across the estuary of the Tay, of the farther Grampian ranges near Clova, with the precipices of Loch Wharral and Loch Brandy full in view, and the more distant mountains, the Dreish, and twelve miles beyond it Lochnagar, with its cairn and eastern escarpment visible every clear day; to the north-west the summits of Mount Blair, Glasmeal, Ben Vrackie, and Ben-y-Gloe; all these hill-ranges visible from St. Andrews, majestic in distance and multitudinous in their suggestiveness, are part of the glory of the place.

Then there is the coast-line of Forfarshire due north, from Broughty Ferry, by Monifieth, and the Barry sandhill (where a Scottish artillery camp exists in summer, the white tents of which are visible from St. Andrews, and the roar of the big guns audible), on to Carnoustie with its links and Arbroath with its abbey, thence to the promontory of Red Head, near which is the village made classic in Sir Walter's *Antiquary*; while away to the north-east the Bell Rock Lighthouse—of exactly the same height as St. Regulus' Tower—shines as a kindly beacon every night across the intervening sea. The lesser revolving lights which indicate the entrance to the Tay are also most picturesque. The ceaseless music of the ocean, thunderous in storm, and indefinitely melodious in calm, is another attraction to the place. There is a complete marine orchestra at St. Andrews. Often and often may one listen to

The moanings of the homeless sea,

and realise the truth of the old saying: 'There is a sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet'; or, while walking on the sands, or amongst the ruins, understand the meaning of the modern lines:

It is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle she can be.

Then, on the classic links, there is the historic footbridge over the Swilcan Burn, which so many thousands of golfers have crossed; the gaps in the sand-dunes to the east, through which the sea—often gleaming with a more than Mediterranean blue—and fishing-boats are visible; skylarks may be heard singing overhead, flowers of many a hue are at one's feet, while moss of the liveliest green, golden furze, purple heather, and yellow sands on the opposite side of the Eden mouth may be seen. The view to the west from the high-hole in the afternoon, when the sun sinks in a blaze of glory burnishing the mud-flats of the estuary, is often magnificent; while the call of the curlew, the cries of the ducks and other birds of various kind—herons, gulls, terns, oyster-catchers, starlings, finches, and the wheeling, twittering knots,¹ wild geese in long serpentine curves with their weird cackle, and occasionally a few of the great swan fugitives from the north—make a stroll on the links almost as fascinating to the pedestrian as to the golfer.

It would be interesting to contrast the St. Andrews golf-course with other Scottish ones, such as those

¹ The knot is a migratory bird. It visits the Fife coast in great numbers. Its nest has never been found. Its being seen flying north and beyond the barrier of ice is one of the arguments for an open Polar sea.

of Balgownie, Nairn, Montrose, North Berwick, or Machrihanish ; but such a comparison belongs to the literature of the game, which in this small book can only receive a passing notice.

W. K.

IN PRAISE OF ST. ANDREWS

I

From Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE sends me the following panegyric on the city and its surroundings, based on a wholly different set of attractions from the antiquarian, historic, or literary ones which follow :—

‘Among its attractions St. Andrews can show one which is little known, and lies far in the background of its familiar features, but which appeals to the imagination with a vividness that is heightened by the crowded human associations of the place. Down below the earliest foundations of cleric and thane, beneath all the memorials of the centuries that have passed since man first planted his huts on the bare headland and moored his canoes at the mouth of the Kinness Burn, lie the records of a far more ancient history—records so legibly inscribed and so admirably preserved as to bring clearly before the mind a succession of varied

pictures, and a series of contrasts with the living world of to-day, which give to the district new and exceptional interest. Nowhere else in Scotland—hardly anywhere else in Britain—is this ancient chronicle so full and clear. The east of Fife, with the old city as its centre, deserves to become classic ground with those to whom such primæval chronicles are dear—a place of pilgrimage to which students of these subjects may well come from the uttermost parts of the earth.

‘Below the shadow of the castle cliffs the sea has laid open on the beach the remains of some of the forests that formed our coal-seams. We can see in the stone the crushed stems and leaves of plants vastly different from any living in the district now. We can trace their roots down into the ancient soil on which they grew, and follow their trunks as these lie prostrate or stand still erect in the hardened sand. Among the now solidified mud that gathered round them it is sometimes possible to detect fragments of scorpions that lived in these woodlands—solitary relics of the animate world of the land-surface of the time. A few yards further off we come upon an old sea-bottom crowded with remains of stone-lilies, corals, sea-mats, and shells, every one of which is different from the creatures now to be found in the neighbouring sea. As we pursue our course along the shore and

meet with repeated alternations of these contrasted conditions of coal-growths and sea-floors, we recognise the record of a long-continued subsidence, when wide lagoons were filled up with a luxuriant vegetation of horse-tail reeds, ferns, and plants of which there is now no known representative, and when these verdant swamps sank under a sea teeming with extinct forms of marine life. In endlessly varied multiplicity of detail the story of these primæval lands and waters is revealed along the coast-line of the east of Fife.

‘A later chapter of the chronicle brings before us a totally different aspect of the district, for it records the activity of a group of small volcanoes around St. Andrews. Some of the actual vents have been dissected by the waves along the shore, as at the Rock and Spindle and Buddo Ness : others form rising ground inland, like that along the sky-line immediately to the south of the town. I have found remains of no fewer than eighty distinct volcanoes between St. Andrews and Largo Bay, and no doubt many more lie concealed under the superficial accumulations of the interior. The district must at one time have been thickly dotted with volcanic cones, like the Puy^s of Auvergne. Even now, in spite of long ages of decay, some of the stumps of the cones tower into conspicuous hills. The highest of them, Largo Law, which rises more than

nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, reminds one of the outline of Vesuvius; while the sweep of Largo Bay terminating in the cliffs of Elie, is no unworthy representative of the Bay of Naples that ends in the precipices of Capri. It is especially this volcanic history which gives the east of Fife a unique interest and value, for in no other region yet known has the inner architecture of volcanoes been laid bare so completely as the waves of the North Sea have carved it out here.

‘Far later in time comes that part of the long chronicle which tells how Fife, like the rest of the country, lay a good deal lower than it does now; how it gradually emerged from the sea in a succession of uplifts with long pauses between them, and how during each of these pauses the sea cut out a platform along the margin of the land. Hence arose a series of terraces which are nowhere more clearly marked than all round St. Andrews. The youngest of them makes the grassy and rocky flat that lies between the present high-water mark and the slopes or cliffs beyond. It is to this latest upheaval that we owe the platform on which the pedestrian finds so convenient a path along many parts of the shores of the east of Fife.

‘A strange scene in this varied history has its counterpart in northern Greenland at the present day. We have unrolled before us, on the clearest

evidence, a picture of the whole of the east of Scotland buried under a vast and thick pall of snow and ice. We learn that the ice-sheet moved seawards, and that in the east of Fife the general trend of its march was towards the east. In its progress it carried with it vast quantities of rock-débris which it scraped off the hills and valleys, transporting even large blocks of stone to long distances. Thus all over the ground about St. Andrews we come upon boulders from the Ochil and Sidlaw Hills, and from the more distant Highlands. To a large extent these stones have been cleared off the arable land, to be built into stone walls or otherwise disposed of in the process of agriculture. But along the shore they remain as monuments of the arctic time. Blocks from the mountains of Perthshire, weighing between thirty and forty tons, may be seen at intervals even as far as the remote East Neuk. Here and there too deposits of clay are met with containing Arctic shells and bones of an Arctic species of seal.

‘The last episode to which I shall refer belongs to the time when the ice had retreated, and left the land full of hollows, which then became pools, tarns, and lakes. The east of Fife, like most of the country, must have been thickly sprinkled with these sheets of water when the earliest human population settled in the country. But partly through natural causes, and in the last century or

two through the co-operation of man, the lakes have one by one disappeared until hardly any are now left. But it is not difficult to detect their sites, and thus to restore in imagination the aspect of the district as it existed until a comparatively recent date. We may dig up the marl left by the vanished waters, and gather the remains of the pond-snails that lie entombed in it. Some lucky excavation may even lay bare a wattled settlement, or an oaken canoe, that would thus serve to connect the ancient history to which I have referred with that which more immediately belongs to ourselves.

‘From these brief outlines it will be seen that the praises of St. Andrews may be enthusiastically sung not only by the antiquarian, the lover of the picturesque, the seeker after health, and the golfer—who is supposed to combine the tastes of all these panegyrists—but also on wholly other grounds by the geologist, who, if likewise a golfer, must be admitted to embrace the widest circle of capacities and sympathies.’

II

JASPAR LAET DE BORCHLOEN, author of *De Eclipsi Solis Anni MCCCCXCI currentis* [octava die Maji], *Pronosticum* (1491), addressed the following to William Schevez, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was appointed to the See in 1478, and died in 1497.

‘Universa demum philosophia tibi familiaris est. Discipline autem quadruviales in te decus et gloriam pepererunt. Quis immensam tuam prudentiam non admirabitur? In civitate inquam Sancti Andree in qua solemniter claret Universitas, ac plurimum doctissimorum virorum confluxus, etsi nullis parcas expensis, sollertiori studio bibliothecas preciosissimas ac omni genere codicum refertissimas instituisti. Precipue tamen geometricas disciplinas nescio utrum Scotorum incuria ab hoc clericali gremio fere abolitas de ceca oblivionis caligine in luminis claritatem protulisti. In syderealis scientiae recuperationem plures codices comparasti,’ etc.¹

Translation.

‘The whole of philosophy is familiar to you. The four branches of education have brought you glory

¹ See *The Poems of William Dunbar*. Collected and edited by David Laing, with Notes, 1834, p. 348.

and renown. Who will not be amazed at your gigantic powers of mind? Yes! in St. Andrews, with its famous imposing University and its crowd of learned men, although you give freely in all directions, you have especially devoted yourself to the provision of valuable libraries, filled with every kind of books. In particular you have brought from the blind darkness of oblivion to the brightness of daylight the geometrical studies which, possibly through the supineness of the Scots, had been almost lost from this ecclesiastical cradle of learning. You collected a number of books with a view to the revival of astronomy,' etc.

III

JOHN MAJOR at St. Andrews (1518-1525).

'If Edinburgh or Glasgow was a contrast to Paris, much more was St. Andrews. By nature, the site now so venerable between the sands at the mouth of the Eden, and the rock-bound coast at one of the extremities of the little realm of Scotland, seemed destined for a fishing village or haven for small craft, which already in considerable numbers dared the stormy sea, and brought their native land in contact with the civilisation of Europe. But towns did not rank then by size or even by wealth. St. Andrews

had a threefold dignity in the eyes of the pious Catholic and the ecclesiastical scholar. It held the relics of the patron saint of Scotland. It was the primatial see. It was the first, and still, notwithstanding the foundation of Glasgow and Aberdeen, the principal University. The bulls for its foundation had been obtained by Bishop Wardlaw in 1411, tutor and friend of James I., who confirmed the privileges granted to it in 1432. Bishop Kennedy had founded the first College of St. Salvator in 1456, and ten years before Major's incorporation St. Leonard's, or the New College, had been endowed by Archbishop Stewart, and Prior John Hepburn. It was modelled after the college for poor scholars at Louvain, itself a copy of Montaigu College.'¹

IV

From JOHN JOHNSTOUN'S *Poemata*. He was Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. He lived 1570-1612.

'Imminet Oceano, paribus descripta viarum
Limitibus, pingui quam bene septa solo.
Magnificis opibus; staret dum gloria prisca
Pontificum, hic fulsit Pontificalis apex.

¹ From Æneas Mackay's *Life of John Major*, p. 40 (1892).

Musarum ostentat surrecta palatia coelo,
Delicias hominum, Deliciasque Deum.
Hic nemus umbriferum Phoebi, Nymphaeque
sorores,
Candida quas inter praenitet Urania.
Quae me longinquis redeuntem Teutonis oris
Suscipit, excelso collocat inque gradu.
Urbs nimium felix, Musarum si bona nosset
Munera, et aetherei regna beata Dei.
Pelle malas festes Urbe, et quae noxia Musis,
Alme Deus ; coeant pax pietasque simul.'

Translation.

'It stands by the sea, laid out in parallel lines of roads, with a noble surrounding of rich glebe, a place of lordly wealth ; while the old lustre of the pontiffs remained, 'twas here the pontiff's mitre gleamed. It displays a palace of the Muses towering heavenward, the delight of gods and men. Here is the shady grove of Phœbus, here the sister Nymphs, with fair Urania the brightest of the throng. Here find I welcome on my return from the distant shores of the German, and am set in high place. A town happy beyond words, did it know the good gifts of the Muses, and the blessed realms of the god of heaven. Bountiful Creator, drive from the town evil plagues, and all things hurtful to the Muses ; let Peace and Religion join hands.'

V

From ARTHUR JOHNSTON'S *Poemata Omnia* (1642).

He was Physician to King Charles I. The following is entitled *Andreapolis*.

‘Urbs sacra nuper eras toti venerabilis orbi,
Nec fuit in toto sanctior orbe locus.
Jupiter erubuit tua cernens templa, sacello
Et de Tarpeio multa querela fuit.
Haec quoque contemplans Ephesinae conditor
aedis,
Ipse suum merito risit et odit opus.
Vestibus aequabant templorum marmora mystae,
Cunctaque divini plena nitoris erant;
Ordinis hic sacri princeps, spectabilis auro,
Jura dabat patribus Scotia quotquot habet.
Priscus honor periit; traxerunt templa ruinam,
Nec superest mystis, qui fuit ante, nitor:
Sacra tamen Musis urbs es, Phoebique ministris,
Nec major meritis est honor ille tuis.
Lumine te blando, Musas quae diligit, Eos
Adspicit, et roseis molliter afflat equis.
Mane novo juxta Musarum murmurat aedes
Rauca Thetis, somnos et jubet esse breves.
Proximus est campus, studiis hic fessa juvenus
Se recreat, vires sumit et inde novas.
Phocis amor Phoebi fuit olim, Palladis Acte:
In te jam stabilem fixit uterque larem.’

Translation.

‘But lately you were a holy town, venerated by all the world. In all the world was no holier place. Jupiter blushed when he saw your temples, and complained loudly of his small Tarpeian fane. The builder, too, of the Shrine of Ephesus derided and detested his own work, and rightly too, when he scanned this building. The attendant priests matched the temple’s marbles with their vestments; there was everywhere a fulness of heavenly splendour. The ruler of the holy order, gorgeous in gold, used here to deal law to all Scotia’s priests. The old glory has gone, the temple has fallen, the attendant priests have no more of their former splendour. Still you are a town sacred to the Muses and to Phœbus’ votaries, and that is an honour no greater than you deserve. The Dawn, the Muses’ friend, beams on you with kindly eye, and breathes gently on you with its roseate steeds. At early morn Thetis murmurs hoarsely beside the halls of the Muses, and bids slumber be short. The links are close by; ’tis here Youth wearied with studies finds recreation, and gathers a new stock of strength. Phocis was once the favourite haunt of Phœbus, Acte of Pallas; both deities have now found settled home in you.’

VI

Prefixed to *The History of Fife and Kinross* (1710),
by Sir ROBERT SIBBALD, M.D., is the following
Latin poem by his relative, George Sibbald of
Gibliston.

*‘ Georgii Sibbaldi de Gibliston, M.D., Carmen
de Fife.*

‘ Insula in occiduo, populosa Britannia, ponto ;
Grandior aut potior nulla sub axe jacet.

Hanc tenet ad boream gens Scottica, marte
togaque

Inclyta, et antiquae simplicitatis amans.

Jam bis mille annos, quod Thule et Mona coercent,
Id Fergusiadas, Albion omne, colit.

Prima dioecesis pii et antiquissima regni
Patroni Andreae nobile nomen habet.

Praetulerint cunctis ejus regionibus unam
Feifam metropolis, fana, cathedra, scholae.

Feifa Caledonios inter celeberrima agros,
Portubus, oppidulis, frugibus et fluviis.

Sanguine majores tibi quem peperere, tenebis
Ingenii et morum nobilitate locum.’

Translation.

‘There lies an island in the western main, populous Britain ; there is no nobler, no better beneath the sky. Its northern part belongs to the Scottish race, famed in war and peace, devoted to the simple ways of old. The whole of Albion, bounded by Thule and Mona, has been for two thousand years under the rule of the seed of Fergus. The first and oldest diocese of the holy realm bears the famous name of its patron Andrew. Fife is set above all regions of the realm by its metropolis, churches, cathedral, schools of learning. Fife, most famous of Caledonia’s counties, with thy harbours and hamlets, thy crops and thy streams, thou wilt keep by the glory of mind and manners the place that our ancestors won for thee with their blood.’

VII

In *A Journey through Scotland, in familiar letters from a gentleman to his friend abroad*, by JOHN MACKY, published in 1723, there is the following account of ‘the Metropolitan City of St. Andrew.’

‘St. Andrews at three miles distance makes a very august appearance, being situated on an easy

eminence on the coast of the German Ocean. It appears much like Bruges in Flanders at a distance, its colleges and five steeples making a goodly appearance. You enter the city by a gate, which through a spacious street, of a quarter of a mile long, leads in a direct line to the cathedral,' etc. etc. It is difficult to know through what gate he entered the city. He came from Crail, and should have reached it by its eastern entrance. But few of the early chroniclers were accurate as to distances. This one fell into the traditional error that the cathedral 'hath been longer than St. Paul's at London.'

In describing St. Salvator's College, he says: 'This college consists of two spacious courts. Over the gate is a very fine stone spire; and to the right, as in the colleges at Oxford, is a handsome church or chapel, in which is an ancient noble monument of the Founder; and behind it, which makes one side of the court, a neat cloister well faced and supported with pillars; but neither it nor the church so well preserved as are the colleges of England. . . . On the ground floor of the other court are the common schools, very spacious, and over these schools a hall full fifty feet long and thirty feet wide and high. There are in this court very good apartments for the masters and scholars, all built of freestone.' . . .

VIII

From JOHN LOVEDAY'S *Diary of a Tour in 1732*.

'The city of St. Andrews is only a shadow of what it has been. The streets show grass as well as pavement. There are three streets, very wide and long, and level; a fourth occurs in old evidences under the name of Swallow Street, in which now there is not an house. These streets did all centre in a view of the cathedral. The zeal of reformers demolished that great church, together with the Priory of Augustinian Canons belonging to it. It was then (I'm told) rebuilding; the east end is still standing with part of the west end, and the wall of the south aisle of the nave. This aisle had a stone roof, not very high, neither was the aisle very wide. By what remains it seems to have been like the aisles in Glasgow Cathedral. It is said that part of the church was covered with copper. For length, St. Paul's Cathedral (they tell me) little exceeds it. The ruins have an air of grandeur, yet the stone it is built of is none of the best. Much better that in St. Regulus', or (as it is commonly called) St. Rule's Chapel, just by. The high, but slender, tower (such as they now make to their Kirks), with part of the chapel itself, remains—a strong, good building when

it was all standing ; the tower was in the middle. This is believed to be one of the oldest things in the Kingdom.'

IX

From THOMAS PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland* (1772).

'After passing over a barren moor, have a most extensive view. Beneath, on the north, is the Eden, discharging itself into a small bay under Gair-bridge, consisting of six arches, built by Henry Wardlaw, bishop of St. Andrew, who died in 1440 ; beyond is the estuary of the Tay, great part of the county of Angus, terminating with the Red-head, which, with Fifeness in this county, forms the great bay of St. Andrew's. Full in front, at the bottom of a long descent, appears the city, placed at the extremity of a plain at the water's edge. Its numerous towers and spires give it an air of vast magnificence, and serve to raise the expectation of strangers to the highest pitch. On entering the West Port, a well-built street—strait, and of a vast length and breadth—appears ; but so grass-grown, and such a dreary solitude lay before us, that it formed the perfect idea of having been laid waste by pestilence.

'On a farther advance, the towers and spires, which at a distance afforded such an appearance of grandeur, on the near view shewed themselves to be

the awful remains of the magnificent, the pious works of past generations. A foreigner, ignorant of the history of this country, would naturally enquire, what calamity has this city undergone? has it suffered a bombardment from some barbarous enemy? or has it not, like Lisbon, felt the more inevitable fury of a convulsive earthquake? but how great is the horror on reflecting, that this destruction was owing to the more barbarous zeal of a minister, who, by his discourses, first enflamed, and then permitted a furious crowd to overthrow edifices, dedicated to that very Being he pretended to honor by their ruin. The Cathedral was the labor of a hundred and sixty years, a building that did honor to the country: yet in June 1559, John Knox effected its demolition in a single day.'

X

From *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*, etc., by DANIEL DEFOE.¹ 1769. (Vol. iv. pp. 185-189.) Seventh edition.

'St. Andrews is an ancient and once flourishing city, the metropolis of all Scotland, a most august

¹ The title-page states that it was 'originally begun by the celebrated Daniel de Foe, continued by the late Mr. Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, and brought down to the present time by a Gentleman of Eminence in the literary world.

monument of the splendour of the Scots Episcopal Church in former times ; remarkable for a fine situation, surrounded by extensive corn-fields, and the pleasant downs, the Links, lying on the sea-side towards the north. The famous physician Cardan esteemed it the healthiest town he ever lived in, having occasion to experience it some months, when he came over from Italy at the request of the Pope to prescribe to Archbishop John Hamilton. . . . The town of old consisted of four large streets lying from east to west almost parallel to one another. The northernmost of the four, called Swallow Street, though formerly the principal, is now totally ruined, not so much as one house now remaining. The other three by their regularity do not seem to have been a fortuitous concourse of houses, as most of the other towns of this country do ; all of them terminating eastward at the cathedral. . . . Before the Reformation this city was crowded, both on account of Trade and Religion, pilgrims coming hither in great numbers to visit the relics of St. Andrew. There were three religious houses, a Franciscan, Dominican, and Augustine priory, the last founded by Robert, Bishop of St. Andrews, who died 1139. James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Murray and Regent of Scotland, was, in his younger days, prior of it. This monastery was more like the magnificent palace of a prince than a convent of monks professing poverty,

as appears still by its ruins, and particularly by the wall that encompassed it, of fine hewn stone, with many battlements and turrets.' . . .

XI

From SAMUEL JOHNSON'S *Journey to the Western Islands* (1774).

'At an hour somewhat late we came to St. Andrews, a city once archiepiscopal; where that University still subsists in which philosophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whose name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern latinity, and perhaps a fairer than the instability of vernacular languages admits.

'We found, that by the interposition of some invisible friend, lodgings had been provided for us at the house of one of the professors, whose easy civility quickly made us forget that we were strangers; and in the whole time of our stay we were gratified by every mode of kindness, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.

'The Cathedral, of which the foundations may be still traced, and a small part of the wall is standing, appears to have been a spacious and majestic building, not unsuitable to the primacy of the kingdom. Of the architecture, the poor remains

can hardly exhibit, even to an artist, a sufficient specimen. It was demolished, as is well known, in the tumult and violence of Knox's reformation.

'Not far from the cathedral, on the margin of the water, stands a fragment of the Castle, in which the archbishop anciently resided. It was never very large, and was built with more attention to security than pleasure. Cardinal Beaton is said to have had workmen employed in improving its fortifications, at the time when he was murdered by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner in which Knox has given what he himself calls a merry narrative.

'The change of religion in Scotland, eager and vehement as it was, raised an epidemical enthusiasm, compounded of sullen scrupulousness and warlike ferocity, which, in a people whom idleness resigned to their own thoughts, and who, conversing only with each other, suffered no dilution of their zeal from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long transmitted in its full strength from the old to the young, but by trade and intercourse with England, is now visibly abating, and giving way too fast to that laxity of practice, and indifference of opinion, in which men, not sufficiently instructed to find the middle point, too easily shelter themselves from rigour and constraint.

'The dissolution of St. Leonard's College was doubtless necessary ; but of that necessity there is

reason to complain. It is surely not without just reproach, that a nation, of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increasing, denies any participation of its prosperity to its literary societies ; and while its merchants or its nobles are raising palaces, suffers its Universities to moulder into dust.

‘Of the two Colleges yet standing, one is by the institution of its founder appropriated to divinity. It is said to be capable of containing fifty students ; but more than one must occupy a chamber. The library, which is of late erection, is not very spacious, but elegant and luminous.

‘The doctor, by whom it was shown, hoped to irritate or subdue my English vanity, by telling me, that we had no such repository of books in England.

‘St. Andrews seems to be a place eminently adapted to study and education, being situated in a populous, yet a cheap country, and exposing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and dissoluteness of a capital city, nor to the gross luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning ; in one the desire of knowledge easily gives way to the love of pleasure, and in the other, is in danger of yielding to the love of money.

‘The chief magistrate resident in the University, answering to our Vice-chancellor, and to the *Rector*

Magnificus on the continent, had commonly the title of Lord Rector; but being addressed only as "Mr. Rector" in an inauguratory speech by the present chancellor, he has fallen from his former dignity of style. Lordship was very liberally annexed by our ancestors to any station or character of dignity: they said, the "Lord General" and "Lord Ambassador"; so we still say "my Lord" to the judge upon the circuit, and yet retain in our Liturgy "the Lords of the Council."

XII

From *A General Description of the East Coast of Scotland*, by FRANCIS DOUGLAS (1782).

'The city is first seen on the south, from the summit of a hill, and as we descend to it the prospect varies every minute. On the south and south-east are seen the grand ruins of the Castle and Cathedral, which, with part of the town, are still enclosed by a wall about twenty feet high, with lofty towers in it at equal distances. . . . The entry to the Cathedral from the west, by what was called the Golden-gate, has been very grand; the arch over it is exceedingly enriched with carving, admirably executed. Much of it has been gilt, from which perhaps it had its name. Over the gate is a large Gothic window,

and the gable is almost entire. On each side of it rises a tall spire, of an antique construction, somewhat resembling at the top the Pictish steeple at Brechin. The north wall of the church is levelled with the ground, and overgrown with grass, but the south wall of the quire, for about thirty feet high, is almost entire to the cope-stones, and connected with the west gable; it is about a hundred and eighty feet long. The whole length of the Church seems to have been about three hundred and fifty feet, and its inside breadth about sixty-two. Much of the east end is still standing, which has had two spires corresponding with those on the west. . . . The Castle stands on the north of the Cathedral on a ridge of black rocks, and can only be entered by a narrow passage on the west. . . . It was built in the year 1155, at which time it appears that the sea did not approach to its walls; for a little to the south-east are still to be seen, at low water, the remains of a small Chapel, which for some ages past have been cut off from the land. Besides this, it appears from the writings of an estate in the neighbourhood, that of old the proprietor had the privilege of driving his cattle and goods on the east of the Castle, which (for some centuries past) no man could have done; for, even at low water, there is a long ridge of shelving rocks, which come close to the foot of the wall, and extend under it.' . . .

XIII

In *The Reliquiæ Divi Andreae, or the State of the venerable and prinitial See of St. Andrews*, by G. MARTINE—who signed himself ‘a true (though unworthy) Sone of the Church’—printed and published at St. Andrews in 1797, there are three Latin poems, which are worthy of reproduction.

The first is anonymous. Martine says that one of the pilgrims who came from foreign lands to visit the city, and see ‘the sacred relicts of St. Andrew,’ ‘left a *votiva tabula* hung up in the church with these verses.’

The other two are the poems already printed (see pp. 9-11), by John and Arthur Johnstoun.

‘Hic sinus iste maris, male fertile littus, opima
 Transcendit patriae fertilitate loca.
 Hic regio, prius orba, viret; paupercula pridem,
 Nunc dives; dudum foeda, decora modo.
 Huc etenim veniunt orare remota tenentes
 Castra viri, patrio turba profecta solo.
 Francus magniloquus, belli Normannus amator,
 Textor Flandrensis, Theutonicusque rudis,
 Anglicus, Almannus, Hollandus, Pictavus expers
 Velleris, et caedis Andegavensis amans;

Qui Rhenum Rhodanumque bibunt, Tiberimque
potentem,
Andree veniunt huc adhibere preces,
Nos quoque, si tantos inter modo nomen
habemus,
Venimus huc vecti prosperiore rota.'

Translation.

'Here is that bay, a barren coast, that surpasses
the richly fertile spots of the kingdom. Here is a
district once lifeless, but now full of life ; once poor,
now rich ; long foul to see, a thing of beauty now.
For hither the denizens of distant quarters come to
pray, a crowd of travellers from their native soil ;
the boastful Frenchman, the war-loving Norman,
the Flemish weaver, the blunt German, the English-
man, the Alemannian, the Dutch, the Poitevin with-
out sheepskin, the Angevin fond of a fray, those who
drink of the Rhine and the Rhone and the mighty
Tiber, — they come hither to make prayer to
Andrew. We too, if we can claim notice amongst
such a crowd, have come hither speeding on happy
wheel.'

XIV

From Dr. JOHN LEYDEN. He was a distinguished Borderer, medical practitioner, poet, orientalist, editor of many works, and traveller in India. He studied in St. Andrews during the winter of 1797-8, where he wrote the following sonnet (1798).

Written at St. Andrews.

‘ Along the shelves that line Kibriven’s shore
I lingering pass, with steps well pois’d and slow,
Where brown the slippery wreaths of sea-weeds
grow,
And listen to the weltering ocean’s roar.
When o’er the crisping waves the sunbeams
gleam,
And from the hills the latest streaks of day
Recede, by Eden’s shadowy banks I stray,
And lash the willows blue that fringe the stream ;
And often to myself, in whispers weak,
I breathe the name of some dear gentle maid ;
Or some lov’d friend, whom in Edina’s shade
I left when forced these eastern shores to seek !
And for the distant months I sigh in vain
To bring me to these favourite haunts again.

XV

FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The following is his poem entitled *The Inchcape Rock* (1802).

‘No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow’d over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge’s swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
" Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
" O Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.'

XVI

From *The Beauties of Scotland*, by ROBERT FORSYTH
(1806). St. Andrews is mentioned thus (vol. iv.
pp. 87-88):—

'In point of ancient grandeur St. Andrews is entitled to the pre-eminence' (*i.e.* in Fife). 'It stands upon a flat coast, from which the country gradually and agreeably ascends. Travellers have often said that, on entering it, they are in some degree impressed with similar feelings to those produced on entering the city of Rome. In point of magnitude there is indeed no comparison, nor even in point of history, seeing this was never the seat of Empire; but here, as in Rome, are to be seen the striking remains of ancient ecclesiastic magnificence; the magnitude and apparent grandeur of the buildings are evidently disproportioned to any business or active employment here carried on; and the town has the appearance of being too great for its present inhabitants, and of falling into ruin from the want of present wealth or energy.'

XVII

From WILLIAM TENNANT'S *Anster Fair* (1812).

Tennant gives an inventory—too long drawn out, as Walt Whitman's subsequently were—of those who came from all quarters in Scotland to attend the Fair, and to see the famous beauty, Maggie Lauder; and writes in Canto II. :—

'XIII

'Say, Muse, who first, who last, on foot or steed
Came candidates for Maggie to her town?
St. Andrews' sprightly students first proceed,
Clad in their foppery of sleeveless gown;
Forth whistling from Salvator's gate they speed,
Full many a mettlesome and fiery lown,
Forgetting Horace for a while and Tully,
And mad t' embag their limbs, and leap it beautifully.

XIV

For ev'n in Learning's cobwebb'd halls had rung
The loud report of Maggie Lauder's fame,
And Pedantry's Greek-conning sapient tongue
In song had wagg'd, in honour of her name;
Up from their mouldy books and tasks had sprung
Bejant and Magistrand to try the game;
Prelections ceas'd; old Alma Mater slept,
And o'er his silent rooms the ghost of Wardlaw wept.

xv

So down in troops the red-clad students come,
 As kittens blithe, a joke-exchanging crew ;
 And in their heads are lore of Greece and Rome,
 And haply Cyprus in their bodies too ;
 Some, on their journey, pipe and play ; and some
 Talk long of Mag, how fair she was to view,
 And as they talk—ay me ! so much the sadder—
 Backward they scale the steps of honest Plato's
 ladder.'

XVIII

From Sir WALTER SCOTT'S *Diary*, and from *Marmion*.

Sir Walter Scott first visited St. Andrews in 1793. When visiting at Charleton in 1827, he wrote thus in his *Diary* of his last visit to the city : 'The ruins have been lately cleared out. They had been chiefly magnificent from their size, not their richness in ornament.' (In a footnote he quotes the statement of a Scotch writer Volusenus, *i.e.* Wilson, in his *De Tranquillitate Animi*, that the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Andrews was the longest in Europe—a statement manifestly incorrect.) 'I did not go up to St. Rule's Tower, as on former occasions ; this is a falling off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? But the rheumatism has begun to

change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sate down on a gravestone, and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feelings and my fortunes have since then taken place!—some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from the tower, and the foolish idea was chased away.’ (Lockhart’s *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. ix. pp. 125-6.)

In the first canto of *Marmion*, Sir Walter represents the Palmer as thus addressing the Lord—

‘But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound;
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows’ sound.’

XIX

FROM PATRICK FRASER TYTLER’S *History of Scotland*
(1828).

‘It was on the 3rd of February 1413 that Henry Ogilvy, Master of Arts, made his entry into the

city bearing the Papal bulls which endowed the infant Seminary with the high and important privileges of a University, and his arrival was welcomed by the ringing of bells from the steeples, and the tumultuous joy of all classes of the inhabitants. On the following day, being Sunday, a solemn convocation of the clergy was held in the Refectory, and the Papal bulls having been read in the presence of the Bishop, the Chancellor of the University, they proceeded in procession to the high altar, where the *Te Deum* was sung by the whole assembly; the bishops, priors, and other dignitaries being arrayed in their richest canonicals, whilst four hundred clerks, besides novices and lay brothers, and an immense number of spectators, bent down before the high altar in gratitude and adoration. High mass was then celebrated; and when the service was concluded the remainder of the day was devoted to mirth and festivity. In the evening, bonfires on the streets, peals of bells and musical instruments, processions of the clergy and joyful assemblies of the people, indulging in the song, the dance, and the wine-cup, succeeded to the graver ceremonies of the morning; and the event was welcomed with a boisterous enthusiasm more befitting the brilliant triumphs of war than the quiet and noiseless conquests of Science and Philosophy.'

XX

FROM GEORGE FULLERTON CARNEGIE.

GOLFIANA : ADDRESS TO ST. ANDREWS (1842).

'St. Andrews ! they say that thy glories are gone,
Thy streets are deserted, thy castles o'erthrown :
If thy glories *be* gone, they are only, methinks,
As it were by enchantment, transferr'd to thy Links.
Though thy streets be not now, as of yore, full of
 prelates,
Of abbots and monks, and of hot-headed zealots,
Let none judge us rashly, or blame us as scoffers,
When we say that instead there are Links full of
 golfers,
With more of good heart and good feeling among
 them
Than the abbots, the monks, and the zealots who
 sung them :
We have red coats and bonnets, we've putters and
 clubs ;
The green has its bunkers, its hazards, and *rubs* :
At the long hole across we have biscuits and beer,
And the Hebes who sell it give zest to the cheer :
If this make not up for the pomp and the splendour
Of mitres, and murders, and mass—we'll surrender ;
If golfers and caddies be not better neighbours
Than abbots and soldiers, with crosses and sabres,

Let such fancies remain with the fool who so thinks,
While we toast old St. Andrews, its Golfers and
Links.'

XXI

From *Circuit Journeys*, by LORD COCKBURN.

'*Arbroath, Saturday Forenoon, 27th April 1844.*—
I mean to pass on and meditate amidst the fragments of St. Andrews.

'*St. Andrews, Sunday Night, 28th April 1844.*—
And a delightful meditation it has been. We got here yesterday in time to mount St. Regulus, which soon gives a stranger an idea of the whole place, and to view the Cathedral; and I have passed the whole of this, the day of peace, amidst the relics and the scenery of this singular spot. Both days have been beautiful.

'I have only been twice here before, and am thankful that I had utterly forgotten everything about it, except its general character. The first time was about thirty-two years ago, when I came as counsel before the presbytery for Principal Playfair, under the scandalous persecution by which his old age was troubled; a persecution carried on in the name of the local Church Court, but suggested, kept up, and conducted solely by his rival

principal, George Hill, the most graceful and externally elegant, but the meanest of political priests. I never abused any man with such cordiality as I did him for about four years. Professor Fergusson, then in his ninetieth year, lived here at that period, with whose family I was very intimate. He was then the most monumental of living men. A fine countenance, long milk-white hair, grey eyes, nearly sightless, a bare deeply gullied throat gave him the appearance of an antique cast of this world, while an unclouded intellect, and a strong spirit, savoured powerfully of the next.

‘My next visit here was a few years after this—I can’t remember exactly when—but I came to see some priory acres, about which there was a litigation. I only stayed one evening. And on neither occasion had I time to see, or leisure to feel, the place.

‘I have now, partly alone, and partly with Professor Jackson, seen and felt it all, outside and inside.

‘There is no single spot in Scotland equally full of historical interest. A foreigner who reads the annals of Scotland, and sees, in every page, the important position which this place occupied in the literary, the political, and the ecclesiastical transactions of the country, would naturally imagine the modern St. Andrews, though amerced perhaps of

its ancient greatness, to be a large, splendid, and influential city. On approaching it, he sees across an almost treeless plain a few spires standing on a point of rock on the edge of the ocean; and on entering he finds himself in a dead village, without the slightest importance or attractions, except what it derives from the tales that these spires recall.

‘There is no place in this country over which the Genius of Antiquity lingers so impressively. The architectural wrecks that have been spared are in themselves too far gone. They are literally ruins, or rather the ruins of ruins. Few of them have left even their outlines more than discoverable. But this improves the mysteriousness of the fragments, some of which, moreover, dignify parts of otherwise paltry streets, in which they appear to have been left for no other purpose except that of protesting against modern encroachment. And they are all of a civil character. Even what is called the Castle was less of a castle than of a palace. It was a strong place, but not a place chiefly for military defence. They all breathe of literary and ecclesiastical events, and of such political transactions as were anciently involved in the Church. There is no feeling here of mere feudal war.

‘And the associations of ancient venerableness which belong so peculiarly to St. Andrews are less disturbed by the repugnances of later ages than in

any place that I can think of, where the claims of antiquity are opposed to those of living convenience. The Colleges which, though young in comparison with the Cathedral, the Tower, and the Castle, are coeval with the age of the Reformation, instead of interfering with the sentiment of the place, bring down the evidence of its learning into a nearer period, and prolong the appropriate feeling. The task of some of their modern additions may be doubted, and the thing called the Madras College is at present a great blot. There should have been no common-place, vulgar, bare-legged school there. Very useful, in one sense, probably; as bruising the towers of Oxford, and making its pillars and oriels into Mechanics' Institutions, would be useful. But, unless ingratiated with more circumspection than has operated here, all such inventions of what is now called useful knowledge, a phrase which generally means useless ignorance, are horrid to the *genius loci*. But the old academic edifices are in excellent keeping with the still older ruins. And these Colleges, when gone into, display many most interesting remains, especially the general university library, a far better collection of books than I had any idea they possessed.

‘The town itself, though I would rather have no town at all, is less offensive than might be at first conceived possible. I don’t speak of that detestable

Bell Street, which, like everything else connected with the founder of the Madras College, has an inharmonious, contemptible, new, freestone look. Neither do I speak of a few villa sort of things which have set themselves down on the edges of the city, and have too often been allowed to steal bits of ancient walls and gardens. But the proper town—the true St. Andrews—is in good character. It is still almost entirely surrounded by its ancient wall, and is said never to have been larger than it is now, a statement which the absence of all vestiges of ancient buildings *beyond* the wall makes very probable. Its only three considerable streets all radiate, at a very acute angle, from the cathedral westward. There has never been any attempt at decoration on the houses, which are all singularly plain, though often dignified by a bit of sculpture, a scarcely legible inscription, a defaced coat-of-arms, or some other vestige of the olden time. There are very few shops, and, thank God, no trade or manufactures. I could not detect a single steam-engine, and their navy consisted of three coal-sloops, which lay within a small pier composed of large stones laid rudely, though strongly, together upon a natural quay of rock. The gentry of the place consists of professors, retired Indians, saving lairds, old ladies and gentlemen with humble purses, families resorting here for golf and education, or for economy, or for sea-bathing. Nobody comes

for what is called business. Woe be on the ignorant wight who did ! He would die of lethargy the first week.

‘For all this produces a silent, calm place. The streets on Saturday evening, and all this day, were utterly quiet. The steps of a passenger struck me, while sitting in this Black Bull parlour, as if it had been a person moving in a cloister, or crossing some still college quadrangle, amidst the subdued noises of a hot forenoon. I remember when I was in Dr. Fergusson’s long ago, observing a young man on the street, in August, with a grand blue coat, a pair of splendid bright yellow leather breeches, and glorious boots. I asked who he was, and was told, “Oh ! that’s *the boarder*.” He was an English Lord Somebody, who had been at the college in winter, and was sentenced by his friends to remain here till the classes met again, being the only visible student who remained. I felt for *the boarder*—solitary wretch.

‘It is the asylum of repose—a city of refuge for those who cannot live in the country, but wish for as little town as possible. And all this is in unison with the ruins, the still surviving edifices, the academical institutions, and the past history of the place. On the whole, it is the best Pompeii in Scotland. If the professors and the youths be not studious and learned, it must be their own fault. They have everything to excite their ambition—

books, tranquillity, and old inspiration. And if anything more were wanting, they have it in their extensive links, their singular rocks, and their miles of the most admirable, hard, dry sand. There cannot be better sea-walks. The prospects are not very good, except perhaps in a day such as this—a day of absolute calmness and brightness—when every distant object glitters, and the horizon of the ocean, in its landless quarter, trembles in light, and the white sea-birds stand on one leg on the warm rocks, and the water lays itself out in long unbroken waves, as if it was playing with the beautiful bays. The water, however, though clear enough for the east coast, is no match for the liquid crystal that laves all our western shores.

‘Nor are the philosophers here disturbed, as in some other naturally quiet spots, by the town being made a thoroughfare of. It leads to almost nothing. Few can say truly that they went to any place by St. Andrews. St. Andrews itself must be the object of the pilgrimage.

‘But though, to a stranger, tranquillity seems to be deeply impressed on the whole place, the natives are not solitary. On the contrary, among themselves they are very social. Except those who choose to study, they are all idle; and having all a competency, often humble no doubt, but sometimes considerable, they are exactly the sort of people who can be

gregarious without remorse, and are allured into parties by the necessity of keeping awake. And they have a local pleasure of their own, which is as much the staple of the place as old colleges and churches are. This is golfing, which is here not a mere pastime, but a business and a passion, and has for ages been so, owing probably to their admirable links. This pursuit actually draws many a middle-aged gentleman whose stomach requires exercise, and his purse cheap pleasure, to reside here with his family; and it is the established recreation of all the learning and all the dignity of the town. There is a pretty large set who do nothing else, who begin in the morning and stop only for dinner; and who, after practising the game, in the sea-breeze, all day, discuss it all night. Their talk is of holes. The intermixture of these men, or rather the intermixture of this occupation, with its interests and hazards and matches, considerably whets the social appetite. And the result is, that their meetings are very numerous, and that, on the whole, they are rather a guttling population. However, it is all done quietly, innocently, and respectably; insomuch, that even the recreation of the place partakes of what is, and ought to be, its peculiar character and avocation.

‘If St. Andrews contributes little to knowledge, what college contributes much? What have been the *direct* products of Oxford? The chief use of the

academic bowers is, to preserve the task and the means of learning. And, in this view, though other Scotch colleges may be better fitted for professional education, there is none of them so well suited for a lettered retreat.

‘Yesterday and to-day I have explored all the outsides of things, and as much of the interiors as Sunday would permit Mr. Jackson, the Professor of Divinity, to show me. I walked eastward with him this afternoon to the Spindle Rock, about two miles off; a beautiful sea-beach walk, ending with that tall and singular cliff standing apart on the shore—the best of many specimens of the same kind.’

XXII

From PATRICK PROCTER ALEXANDER (1857). Two Sonnets, contributed to Mr. Robert Clark’s *Golf, a Royal and Ancient Game*.

I.

‘THE HELL HOLE.

‘What daring genius first did name thee Hell?
What high, poetic, awe-struck grand old Golfer?
Misdeem him not, ye pious ones, a scoffer—
Whoe’er he was, the name befits thee well.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here,"
 Is written awful o'er thy sandy jaws,
 Whose greedy throat may give the boldest pause.
 And frequent from within come tones of fear—
 Dread sound of cleeks, which ever smite in vain,
 And—for mere mortal patience is but scanty—
 Shriekings thereafter, as of souls in pain,
 Dire gnashings of the teeth, and horrid curses,
 With which I need not decorate my verses,
 Because, in fact, you 'll find them all in Dante.'

II.

'THE HEATHER HOLE.

'Ah me! prodigious woes do still environ—
 To quote *verbatim* from some grave old poet—
 The man who needs must "meddle with his iron";
 And here, if ever, thou art doomed to know it.
 For now behold thee, doubtless for thy sins,
 Tilling some bunker, as if on a lease of it,
 And so, assiduous to make due increase of it;
 Or, wandering houseless through a world of whins!
 And when,—these perils past,—thou seemest *dead*,
 And hop'st a half—O woe! thy ball runs crooked,
 Making thy foe just one more hole ahead,
 Surely a consummation all too sad,
 Without that sneering devilish "Niver lookit,"
 The closing comment of the opposing cad.'

XXIII

FROM SIR JOHN SKELTON, in *Macmillan's Magazine*
(1863).

‘I had been getting fugitive glimpses of the sea and of the old towers growing black in the gathering darkness, and of rabbits hopping in the moonlight through the furze upon the links—the famous links—along which we were passing. . . .

‘I am sure that I shall not soon forget the scene which greeted me when I drew aside my bedroom curtain next morning and looked abroad. It was one of those summer mornings with which we used to be familiar at Interlachen or at Venice, but which have been rarely met with on this side of the Channel until the July of this year of grace 1863. I might write pages about it ; but an older pilgrim has described the scene in a few poetic words which cannot be imitated. He, standing on the rocky ledge and looking down—

Beheld an ocean bay girt by green hills ;
And in a million wavelets tipt with gold
Leapt the soft pulses of the sunlit sea.

The forlorn sea—forlorn, yet keeping as bright and cheery and gracious a face as if it were not haunted by any wretched memories—as if it had no dismal secrets to hide. And lo ! among the white-edged

breakers and upon the yellow sands, the sea-nymphs at their sport, the Sirens with dripping locks, and rosy lips and cheeks, and such soft and musical words and laughter as might wile away the wisest Ulysses of us all. It is impossible to resist the fresh breath of the morning ; so—arraying ourselves hastily in dressing-gown and slippers—we hurry to the easternmost headland, to which the sea comes up pure and blue, and where we have a hundred yards of water at our feet. Through the retreating waves we make way swiftly, the sea-mews dipping beside us, an occasional seal dropping from his perch in our wake, the herring-boats, with their wet nets and brown sails, passing us, one by one, as they return to the harbour, until we are right below the battlements of a ruined keep—like that which Black Agnes kept so well—

Great Randolph's fearless daughter,
Lord March's dame is she :
Beside the ocean water
Her towers embattled be.

Then, after brief rest upon a desolate island crag, back once more to the shore from which we started—to the dressing-gown, to the stroll on the beach, to the dish of fresh-gathered strawberries, and the fresh eggs, and the fresh-caught salmon, and the fresh butter and cream, and the fragment of oatcake and fragrant honey or marmalade, which form the

outworks of a Scottish breakfast. Much labour is there for mortals ere the day be done ; but surely rest is sweet, and, for half an hour at least, we may lie upon our oars, and, as the white smoke of the manilla escapes through the open window, watch that little comedy down yonder upon the sands. . . .

‘ But it is time to start, for, ere we reach the Links, haunted by the golfers, we must give you a glimpse of this peerless little city. Not what it once was, indeed, yet still charmingly quaint, old-mannered, and picturesque. Here, in “the unhappy, far-off times,” not many hundred years after the death of our Lord, came a great Christian missionary, bearing with him (reverently, in a silver casket) “three of the fingers and three of the toes” of a yet greater apostle. Here he founded a Christian Church, and converted to the true faith “that bloody, savage, and barbarous people the Pights.” Here a long line of saints and bishops, from Adrian to Arthur Ross, lived and died, and were buried in sumptuous tombs which those humble shepherds took care to build for themselves. Here, on a barren promontory, rose an exquisite shrine (300 years they took to raise it), whose burnished copper roof, when struck by the beams of the sun, was seen miles off by the hardy mariners of France and Flanders who ploughed the northern seas. Here grey friars and black friars grew fat and sleek upon the prudent

piety of Scottish kings—here high-born and high-bred cardinals and legates kept princely state—here beautiful and subtle French Maries landed and feasted—here martyrs suffered, and their foes followed swiftly.

‘It could hardly happen that such a history could transact itself, even upon a storm-beaten headland, without leaving some trace behind it. The iconoclasts, indeed, were active and bitter enemies; “the proveist, the magistrates, and the commonalty,” as the great reformer has it, “did agree to remove all monuments of idolatry, *quhilk also they did with expeditione*”; but the idolaters had built with such a cunning hand, and with such strength of arm, that even to-day the fragments of their work remain—noble, massive towers, windows of exquisite design, sculptured gateways, ivy-grown walls, cloistered walks, a bishop’s sepulchre fretted and chased and finished like a Genevese bracelet. As you walk through the picturesquely irregular streets, you are constantly reminded that a story is attached to each nook and cranny of the place. The life of the Castle alone, what a chequered and startling romance it discloses! From its dungeons the son of a king was taken away that he might die in a royal palace a slower and secreter death. In its courtyard the martyrs were condemned—from its battlements they attained,

Thro’ the brief minute’s fierce annoy,
To God’s eternity of joy;

while, "on rich cushions laid for their ease," high-bred and politic prelates witnessed the translation. . . .

'How well men died in those times!—not the noble army of martyrs only—not the men only who, with wasted cheeks and hollow eyes, consumed by fiery zeal, felt, with the hermit, the support of an invisible presence,—

There, where I stand in presence of my king,
There stand I, too, in presence of my God ;

but mere men of the world even—merchants, lawyers, dissipated young nobles. They prided themselves, indeed, on doing it with perfect correctness and good breeding—their lace-ruffles stiff with starch ; their long locks elaborately curled ; and the neat little speech, with its not over-hackneyed quotation from Horace and Tacitus, to wind up with. Sir Thomas More set the fashion : it was kept up by all his successors during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. One of the last and most perfect specimens of an art that has died out, like the Greek encaustic or the Brummel tie, is the speech of the Lord Grey of Wilton, who was tried with Raleigh in 1603. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, these were his words : "I have nothing to say" ; there he paused long ; "and yet a word of Tacitus comes in my mind—*non eadem omnibus*

decora: the house of the Wiltons have spent many lives in their prince's service, and Grey cannot beg his. God send the king a long and prosperous reign, and to your Lordships all honour!" . . .

'The narrow strip of barren sand and *bent* stretching for nearly three miles along the sea-shore (only the other day it was *under* the sea, they say), and lying between the city and the estuary of the Eden, forms the links, or downs, of St. Andrews. The *course* on which the game is played, and which runs from end to end of the downs, is covered with a peculiarly soft and scrubby grass, interspersed with whins, sandholes, etc. These *bunkers* constitute the hazards of the game. . . .

'The game of golf, the Scot will assure you, is as old as the Roman Empire. At all events, it has been, *par excellence*, the national game of Scotland for many hundred years. During the reign of James II. the Parliament, indeed, does not appear to have regarded it with favour. It had become so popular that it threatened to interfere with the practice of archery; and in 1457, an act "Anent Gowffing" was passed, by which the game was prohibited. The Act is a short and pithy one, and as a specimen of the Scotch language and legislation of the period is very characteristic:—"Item, It is decreetted and ordained, that the weapon schawings be halden be the Lordes and Barones Spiritual and

Temporal, four times in the yeir. And that the Fute-ball and Golfe be utterly cryed down, and not to be used. And that the bow markes be made, at ilk Parish Kirk a pair of Buttes, and schutting be used. And that ilke man schutte sex schottes at the least, under the paine to be raised upon them that cummis not at the least; twa pennies to be given to them that cummis to the bowe-markes to drink. And this to be used fra *Pasche* till *Allhallow-mes* after. And as tuitching the fute-ball and the golfe, to be punished by the Baronis un-law, and gif he takis not the un-law, that it be taken be the Kingis Officiares." But, like most sumptuary laws, the Act does not appear to have worked effectively. Not only did "the commonalty" continue to golf, but it became a favourite pastime with several of the Stewart kings. Charles I. was playing a match upon the links at Leith, when news was brought him that Ireland was in revolt. Since his days few eminent Scotsmen—lawyers, soldiers, or divines—have been unable to handle a club. The great President Forbes, of Culloden, was, in 1744, the Secretary of the "Honourable Company" of Edinburgh; "Jupiter Carlyle" was a mighty *swiper*; and Sir Hope Grant's achievements upon the green are worthy of the hero who, in the farthest east, has added a stirring chapter to the chronicles of Kilgraston. And we need not wonder at this

association ; for golf is a science which, simple as it appears to the tyro, demands a combination of qualities not always found together—a ready hand, a fine eye, a cool head, prudence, promptness, and *pluck*. The battle is not to the strong, and mere brute force is of little service on the green ; for golf must be played “with brains” ; and the first-rate golfer is generally the man who, if bred to arms, would make a dashing soldier, or, if bred to the law, a sound counsellor and judge. Luck, no doubt, enters into the play ; but then luck, here as elsewhere in the world, commonly attends the man who knows how to make the most of it ; or, as Tom Alexander used to say, in his shrewd way, “Luck’s a lord, if it’s weel guidet.”

XXIV

In his book on *The Scenery of Scotland viewed in connection with its Physical Geology* (1865), Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, lately the Director of the Geological Survey, makes these references to St. Andrews.

The first is on the Encroachment of the Sea :—

‘Cardinal Beaton’s Castle is said to have been originally at some distance from the sea ; but it now

almost overhangs the beach, and must ere long fall a prey to the waves' (p. 52).

The second is on the effect of wind in modifying scenery:—

'Round the Scottish coast-line, wherever prevalent winds blow upon a sandy beach, we usually find a

Sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea.

Such is the aspect of the wide Tent's Muir between the bay of St. Andrews and the mouth of the Tay, the ridges there running in a general sense parallel to each other and to the coast-line' (p. 75).

The third refers to Raised Beaches:—

'A succession of terraces may be traced at different elevations above the present sea-level, becoming generally fainter according to their height and their consequent antiquity. The thickness of the coating of snow and ice which still enveloped the rising land, seems however to have either prevented these indentations from being distinctly made, or to have in great measure effaced them. For, save in a few exceptional cases, as near St. Andrews, where well-marked terraces are seen up to a height of 290 and even 350 feet, it is only the lower and more recent examples which form conspicuous features in the landscape.'

XXV

From *Sedgely Court*, by Mrs. STIRLING (1865).

‘After two days of violent wind and snow—the disastrous effects of which had been felt more or less along the whole north-east coast of Scotland—the sun had just set behind the low straggling outline of the Sidlaw Hills. The sky, lately lowering and leaden-coloured, was now clear, lighted up with streaks of pale blue shading into wintry green, and feathery clouds, which were every moment changing their hues from white to golden, and from golden to the brightest crimson and purple. At the distance of a couple of miles the still vexed sea might be heard moaning sullenly as heavy billows rose from it and dashed themselves into light foam against the rocks, or rolled quietly forward over the low sands, which stretched far to the west.’

XXVI

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH in *The Shores of Fife* (1872).

‘The origin of St. Andrews is lost in antiquity. The one thing certain is, that it was an ecclesiastical foundation; but when the foundation took place, and who were the founders, remain very conjectural.

Such a cluster of ecclesiastical legends has gathered round the fact, that it is no longer possible to unravel what is fact from what is fable, and set it in a clear historical light.

‘There is every reason to believe that both the ecclesiastical settlements at Whitehorn (*Candida Casa*) in Galloway, and at Hy or Iona, preceded that at St. Andrews, although the latter, in the course of the ninth century, with the triumph of the Scoto-Irish over the Pictish kingdom, to which Fife had previously belonged, became more prominent and influential than either of the former.

‘The most probable supposition is, that the ecclesiastical settlement was made about the middle of the eighth century, under a Pictish king of the name of Angus, or Ungus, son of Fergus ; and the connection with St. Andrew is conjectured to have arisen in the following manner :—In the beginning of this century there had sprung up in the Church a widespread mania for saintly relics ; and among those who had distinguished themselves in procuring relics of the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, was a Bishop of Hexham of the name of Acca. Acca had succeeded Wilfrid, who, in the previous century, had founded the church at Hexham, and dedicated it to St. Andrew. Wilfrid is a distinct historical character, mentioned by Bede. He headed the Anglic clergy in the famous dispute at Whitby in

664, betwixt the Columban and the Augustinian or Roman Catholic Church. When at Rome he had cast himself especially upon the protection of St. Andrew in carrying out the great purpose of his life—the conversion of the Northumbrians to the Roman ritual; and having succeeded in his purpose, he dedicated his Church at Hexham to the holy Apostle and Martyr. Acca, his successor, naturally identified himself with the saintly associations of his Church, and being a great collector of relics, enriched the Church at Hexham with the *relics of St. Andrew* and other costly treasures.

But what has Hexham, it may be asked, to do with St. Andrews? Simply this, that there are faint historical traces that Acca, having been driven from his bishopric in Northumbria, took refuge amongst the Picts north of the Forth, and there, carrying his precious relics with him, founded a new ecclesiastical settlement. The time of his flight northwards certainly coincides with the reign of the Pictish king Angus, whom the legends associate with the origin of the place. There are one or two other remarkable coincidences. Admitting St. Andrews to have been then founded in the eighth century (an earlier origin cannot well in any circumstances be claimed for it), it does not emerge into any historical distinctness till fully a century later, in connection with Saint Adrian (870), who is commonly reckoned its

first bishop. This century was signalised by the union of the Scots and Picts, and the virtual ascendancy of the former by the accession of their royal house to the sovereignty. It was in connection with this new epoch in Scottish history—when the “Scottish” Church may be said to have superseded the old Pictish Church—that St. Andrews came to the front as the chief ecclesiastical seat in the kingdom. Henceforward to the Reformation, or for a period of about seven hundred years (870-1560), it may be said to have been the ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland. Its diocese extended from the “borders of England to the river Dee,” and included not only the counties of Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan, but a great part of Perthshire, Forfarshire, and the Mearns, with the three Lothians, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire.

‘It is to the view of the town from the cliffs on the eastern side, with the striking ruins in front, that the lover both of the picturesque and of antiquity will chiefly turn. The sea here rolls within a narrow shore ; the rocks are broken into the most fantastical and irregular forms ; while the harbour and rude pier, with fishing-boats coming and going, and the ruins of the cathedral and the castle in the distance, present a charming picture. The harbour has long ceased to be a busy scene, if it ever was ; but there is always life and movement in the sea as it

beats against the rocky upturned base of the old pier.

‘The attention is arrested by the cathedral ruins, and especially the beautiful old Tower of St. Regulus, standing as it did seven centuries ago in grey, silent, and impressive dignity—*saxo structa vetusto*. There is no memorial of the past in Scotland upon the whole more interesting than this ancient tower, both for its own quiet, solid, earnest beauty, and as the connecting-link betwixt our earlier and later civilisation. It was there when the walls of the proud Cathedral by its side were rising; it has survived their downfall; it gazes upon their ruins with the same immoveable stateliness that it looked upon their erection. It is the same—the only thing probably that is the same—as on that morning, the 3rd February 1413, when the strains of thanksgiving arose around the high altar in commemoration of the inauguration of the University. It is not merely a dead monument of the past; the most living associations cluster round it, and make its grey stones instinct with meaning. The Tower of St. Rule was the tower of the earlier Cathedral Church, erected by Robert, who may be said to have been the first settled bishop after the introduction of the Norman and Latin Christianity,—the same bishop who founded the Augustinian Priory close by. This fixes its date in the first half of the twelfth century,

betwixt 1127 and 1144. It belongs to what is called the primitive Romanesque, or early Norman style. All that now remains of this first cathedral is the tower and choir—the latter a narrow upright aisleless enclosure of very diminutive dimensions. An arch on the west side shows that the tower was central, with a western nave ; and to the further east, beyond the choir, there is evidence of there having been a presbytery, but whether apsidal or square in form cannot be determined.

‘ Begun in the end of the twelfth century, the larger erection was not completed till the beginning of the fourteenth century. Compared with the great Cathedrals of France and England, it is by no means remarkable in extent, vast as the ruins now seem. Yet in its glory it must have been an imposing and splendid pile, and, in one respect, unique and unrivalled. Nowhere else in Britain does a Cathedral stand in such a grand position, overhanging the sea, from which, when its great copper roof glittered in the sunlight, it must have been a spectacle of marvellous magnificence. The central tower has unhappily disappeared altogether, but the eastern and western gables—the latter extremely beautiful and picturesque—and a great part of the southern wall of the nave, still remain.’

XXVII

From the *Life of James D. Forbes* (1873). Forbes was Principal of the United College of St. Andrews from 1859 to 1868. In his memoir—written by his successor in office, Principal Shairp, along with others—the following occurs in reference to St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews:—

‘A project which deeply interested Principal Forbes was the restoration of the College Chapel of St. Salvator's. This chapel is not only the oldest unruined fragment of ancient St. Andrews, but along with the noble tower of St. Salvator's, which rises above it, forms the earliest piece of university building still extant in Scotland. Tower and chapel had both been built by the good Bishop Kennedy, and are the only remnants of his workmanship. The original roof of the chapel is said to have been of a peculiar and rare construction—massive blue stone, deeply engroined.

‘Within the chapel is the tomb of the founder, a Gothic structure wrought in Paris, of blue stone, in the middle of the fifteenth century, which must originally have been of wonderful beauty, since even in its cruel defacement it still shows so fair. As the old stone roof is said to have been

nearly flat, Professors, about a hundred years since, either themselves conceived, or were persuaded by some architect, that it would one day fall in and crush them. They therefore resolved to have it removed, and a common lath and plaster ceiling placed in its stead. So solidly, however, was the old roof compacted, that the workmen, in order to remove it, had to detach it from walls and buttresses and let it fall *en masse*. The fall is said to have shaken the whole city. But however this may be, it is only too certain that it shattered the richly wrought columns, canopies, and pinnacles of the founder's tomb.

'A maimed and mutilated fragment that tomb now stands, beautiful still in its decay, proving that Professors of the eighteenth century could be more ruthless and insensible to beauty than were the ruder Reformers of the sixteenth or seventeenth. But besides the mutilated tomb, of which no restoration was possible, parsimony and Philistinism had combined to make the rest of the church hideous. High bare fir pews, an unsightly gallery at one end, lath, plaster and whitewash, floods of harsh light from many windows,—ugliness could no further go. To the removal of these deformities, and the restoration of the church, not to its ancient beauty—that was not possible—but to somewhat greater seemliness, Forbes gave his undivided attention for one whole

winter. At his earnest advocacy, a more liberal Government than we have of late years enjoyed undertook to restore the whole body of the church, and what with seemly oaken seats, a rafted roof, and more appropriate mullions and tracery in the old pointed windows, the work has been so done as to render the College Church, if not so perfect as might have been desired, at any rate a great improvement on what it was. By his solicitations, the College and private persons were stirred up to substitute for the former common glass, with its untempered garishness, new painted windows, which by toning down the light gave at least solemnity to the church. As the result of all these exertions, the College Church, if it has not re-attained its pristine beauty, has certainly lost its former repulsiveness, and been rendered one of the most soothing and attractive places of worship in which Presbyterians at this day meet.'

XXVIII

FROM MRS. OLIPHANT'S *May* (1873).

'Never were ruins more complete in their summary annihilation of the past than the ruins of St. Andrews. They have a sort of typical character for the students of Scottish history. Here the noble,

rich, and splendid Middle Ages, which have conferred upon other nations their finest ornaments and recollections, lie buried as it were in utter effacement, not scorned any longer—on the contrary, reverently preserved and taken care of—but blotted out from all possibility of use, and even from all meaning. But yet there is one monument of the past which still stands fast and sure as ever, the old homely inarticulate tower of St. Regulus, belonging to a past which has no voice, a dark world which leaves everything to the fancy, and which has stood there through all changes for centuries, appealing by very absence of suggesting to that profound imagination which lies at the bottom of the Scottish character. The graceful clustered piers, the lovely decorated windows, the lordly breadth and majesty of aisle and nave, are too suggestive for that rational and deep-seated faculty; but against the mysterious simplicity of that tower, which discloses nothing, no sacrilegious hand has ever been raised. It stands there in primitive gravity, plainness, lack of grace, as it might have stood in those days when the “pure Culdee was Albyn’s earliest priest of God”; flattering the mind of the nation with a subtle sense of its antiquity, consistency, unity in all ages. These reflections, however, are ours, and not those of Marjory Hay-Heriot, as she stood at the narrow window of her new dwelling-place, and looked out

upon the same sea which washed her native head-land. Her eye sought that first as is natural to the eyes of those who have been born upon its margin. Over the old ruins she looked to the older everlasting thing, which is never antiquated, but keeps its youth continually. She could hear the sea dashing over the pier, and see how it rose, marking with a white line of surf the sweep of the bay beyond. That was enough to satisfy Marjory, even though the intermediate foreground was filled up by ruins and graves. Nature is always consolatory; but Art not always, not even the pathetic art of antiquity and decay. . . .

‘The east coast has never been, so far as we are aware, distinguished for beauty or picturesque qualities; but the bold line of those cliffs, bound at their feet by black ribs of half-visible reefs, iron corrugations of Nature running far out, low and dangerous, into the sea—but bordered above high-water mark by the softest verdure of fine grass, mossy and velvety, mantling every height and hollow—has a homely yet wild and free beauty of its own, which with all the endless varieties of colour upon the broad sea and broader heavens, make up a scene worthy alike of painter and of poet. Here and there the rocks which line the dangerous coast rise into weird masses, like towers of defence. One of these, the Maiden’s Rock, has actually taken the form of

a mediæval tower; further on is a more fantastic creation, where time and water have worn the living stone into a huge resemblance of a spindle. This quaint mass towers over a bay full of broken rocks, among and over which the German Ocean dashes its stormy surf by times; while at other times it kisses softly, with many a twinkle of light and sheen of reflection, the stern stone which it has been undermining for ages, with apparently so little effect. The Spindle Rock was the favourite end of Marjory's pilgrimage. The most sensitive organisations do not always fall sick after those great mental whirlwinds of grief and excitement which are the milestones of our lives. But there comes to them a moment when quiet and repose are necessary, when the mind lies still like a hushed child, refusing to think more or suffer more, opening itself to some certain fashion of natural sound and sight, and getting healing from that pause of all efforts or processes of its own. Marjory, unknowing, adopted this fashion of cure. She walked out to the Spindle (a long way) and would sit there alone, day by day among the rocks, gazing half consciously over the broad level surface of the familiar sea, now and then crisped by soft winds, and over-arched by the broad vault of sky, which softened down in endless variations of blues and greens, widening and fading to the horizon line, where sea and sky met in colourless

brightness. The water lapped softly among the rocks, which here and there rose like pinnacles of some fantastic architecture over the brown uneven masses below. Among these rocks there were miniature oceans, crystal sea-pools lined with softest green seaweed like a nest, where some cunning crab lived secure, or where those bloodless, boneless things, which are half animal and half plant, spread out their antennæ—pink, or creamy white, or silver-green—upon the water. The shining of the sea, the ever-consolatory sound of its murmurous voice upon the rocks, the occasional gliding past of a heavy fishing-boat with high brown sail, or the white butterfly wing of a rare pleasure yacht, was enough to give occupation to the fatigued mind, which found healing in every hum of well-known sound, in every familiar motion of that native sea. Hush ! said the long soft rustle of the water searching into every corner, rising and falling like the breath of some watcher. Hush ! said the soft wind with a musical murmur about the lofty rocks : hush ! said the dreamy whirl of insect life upon the grass beyond. The sun shone warm, and little flecks of white clouds floated across the sky with the wind, as the scattered sails did below. Soft motion, sound, murmur of life filling the whole vast sphere—nothing that seemed like ending dying sorrow. . . .

‘Yellow heaps of sand, upturned by the sea,

which was little seen but much heard, and great rough whin-bushes scattered about the "bent," or rougher edge of the Links, with a background of blue hills, and enough trees to swear by on one side; and on the other St. Andrews, and its headland, the sun shining full upon it, upon its grey towers and white houses, and the stretch of the sea which filled in the landscape. . . . She liked the soft silence, the long meditative walk, the murmur of the sea. The day was fine, and shone with that pathetic brightness which a Scotch summer day so often has after a storm, as if Nature made anxious amends to her children for those frequent interruptions which she could not prevent. The sea was full, washing up to the very foot of the grey fantastic rock. Little blue wavelets, fairy curls of foam, crept about it, as if trying to soften the silent giant. They came up in little child-like rushes, as of glee irrepressible, to the very edge of the mossy grass.' . . .

In her novel entitled *The Primrose Path* (1878), Mrs. Oliphant describes a view from Earls Hall, near Leuchars, in which St. Andrews is referred to (vol. ii. pp. 144-147):—

'There does not seem much beauty to spare in the coast of Fife. Low hills, great breadth of level fields; the sea a great expanse of blue or leaden grey, fringed with low reefs of dark rocks, like the

teeth of some; hungry monster, dangerous and grim without being picturesque, without a ship to break its monotony. But yet with those limitless breadths of sky and cloud, the wistful clearness and golden after-glow, and all the varying blueness of the hills, it would have been difficult to surpass the effect of the great amphitheatres of sea and land, of which this solitary old grey house formed the centre. The hill, behind which the sun had set, is scarcely considerable enough to have a name; but it threw up its outline against the wonderful greenness, blueness, goldenness of the sky with a grandeur which would not have misbecome an Alp. Underneath its shelter, grey and sweet, lay the soft levels of Stratheden in all their varying hues of colour, green corn, and brown earth, and red fields of clover, and dark belts of wood. Behind were the two paps of the Lomonds, rising green against the clear serene: and on the other side entwining lines of hills, with gleams of golden light breaking through the mists, clearing here and there as far as the mysterious Grampians, far off under Highland skies. This was one side of the circle; and the other was the sea, a sea still blue under the faint evening skies, in which the young moon was rising; the yellow sands of Forfarshire on one hand, stretching downwards from the mouth of the Tay—the low brown cliffs and green headlands bending away on the other

towards Fife-ness—and the great bow of water reaching to the horizon between. Nearer the eye, showing half against the slope of the coast, and half against the water, rose St. Andrews on its cliff, the fine dark tower of the College Church poised over the little city, the jagged ruins of the Castle marking the outline, the Cathedral rising majestic in naked pathos; and old St. Rule, homely and weather-beaten, oldest venerable pilgrim of all, standing strong and steady, at watch upon the younger centuries. This was the view at that time from Earl's-hall. It is a little less noble now, because of the fine vulgar comfortable grey-stone houses, which have got themselves built everywhere since, and spoiled one part of the picture; but all the rest will remain for ever, Heaven be praised. The little wood of Earl's-hall, pinched and ragged with the wind, lay immediately below, and the flat Eden with its homely green lines of bank on either side, lighted up by here and there a sandbank; but the tide was out, and the Eden meandered in a desert of wet brown sand, and was not lovely. . . . It is not often that you can see the great world in little, field and mountain, sunset and moonrise, land and sea at one glance.' . . .

XXIX

From DEAN STANLEY'S *Rectorial Address* (1875).

'The University in some of the elements of real grandeur stands the first of the universities of Scotland—amongst the first of the historic localities of Great Britain. Look at its natural features, which, unlike those of the English universities, contain from the very beginning the germ of its subsequent fortunes. It is the eastern Land's End of Scotland, the counterpart of the romantic seat of the ancient British Primacy, the western sanctuary of the Welsh St. David. Figure it to yourselves as we trace it in its earlier nomenclature, when Magus Moor was a still wild morass, when this promontory was still the Muck Ross—the 'headland' of the fierce 'wild boar' whose gigantic tusks were long hung over the altar of the cathedral. Look at the encircling rocks, the sandy beach, where the founders of your early civilisation stood at bay against the warriors who, hardly less fierce than the boars and wolves, came pouring down from the inland hills. Explore the caverns of the beetling cliffs, into which, according to the fine old legend, the bones of St. Andrew, first called of the Apostles, came drifting, without oar or sail, from the shores of Achaia, the type of the silent process by which Christian piety and Grecian culture were to penetrate at last into these

rugged coasts, and illuminate these northern skies. In the rude outline of the chapel of Our Lady of the Rock we trace the last stand which the old Culdee worship, without development, without order, made in its latest struggle against the giant aftergrowth of mediæval civilisation which overshadowed and overwhelmed it. In that group of antique edifices, the Cell, the sanctuary of the Royal Mount (Kil-ry-Mont), unrivalled in the British Islands, save on the Rock of Cashel, thus concentrating in one focus on this extremity of Fife the successive stages of Northern ecclesiastical polity, we see the shifting of the pole of the religious and national life of the Scottish Kingdom from the islands of the Celtic West to the shores of the Norse and German Ocean; transferring the stone of Fate from Dunstaffnage to the mound of Destiny at Scone, diverting the regal sepulchres from the wild graveyard of Iona to the Royal Abbey of Dunfermline, and transforming the wandering mission of the Irish outlaw Columba into the settled hierarchy of the Anglo-Norman Church of Margaret and David. Then comes that thrilling scene which the victorious Scotsman must ever recall with pride, and which even the vanquished Englishman must regard with admiration, when Robert Bruce came, with all the nobles of a restored and emancipated Scotland, to the consecration of

the great Cathedral, as the trophy and memorial of the triumph of Bannockburn, in which the patron saint of Scotland was supposed to have borne so conspicuous a part. Inevitably out of that union of religious and national freedom it came to pass that the Cross of St. Andrew, which, after all the storms of nature and of man, still remains sculptured on your mouldering walls, passed into the royal banner of Scotland.

‘Other sacred and historic localities of your country have been long ago deserted by the stream of events. The White House of Ninian lies a stranded relic on the shores of Galloway. For nearly a thousand years the holy island of Iona has ceased to be “the luminary of the Caledonian regions.” But this temple, as of another Minerva, planted as on another storm-vexed Cape of Sunium—this secluded sanctuary of ancient wisdom—with the foam-flakes of the Northern Ocean driving through its streets, with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms into the sky—still carries on the tradition of its first beginnings. Two voices sound through it—“One is of the sea, one of the cathedral,” —“each a mighty voice”; two inner corresponding voices also, which, in any institution that has endured and deserves to endure, must be heard in unison, the voice of a potent past, and the voice of an invigorating future. It is the boast on the grave-

stone of old John Wynram, who lies buried in the grass-grown cemetery of St. Leonard's, that through all the storms of the Reformation, "*conversis rebus*," "under the ruins of a world turned upside down," he had remained the sub-prior of St. Andrews. That same boast may still, in a nobler and wider sense than those words were used of that stubborn or pliant ecclesiastic, belong to the local genius of St. Andrews, that through all the manifold changes of the Scottish Church—Culdee, Catholic, Protestant, Episcopalian, Presbyterian—its spiritual identity has never been altogether broken, its historical grandeur never wholly forfeited.'

XXX

From T. HUTCHISON, in *Frazer's Magazine* (1878).

'St. Andrews—the ancient Kilrymont—is one of the most interesting places in Great Britain. It is a city *sui generis*. Among the many beautiful and interesting cathedral cities of the South there is nothing at all like it. Its striking maritime situation, and noble outlook seawards, is not only unrivalled but unique in an ecclesiastical town. Add to this its spacious streets, its academic air, its ecclesiastical forlornness, its famous links, its romantic history, and, above all, its noble ruins, which all combine to throw a halo of interest over the ancient city of St. Rule. We often

wonder that Hawthorne, for whom our old cathedral towns had an inexpressible charm, should never have made a pilgrimage to St. Andrews.

‘There is quite an *embarras de richesses* of ruins at St. Andrews. The Castle, built in the thirteenth century, the palace of the archbishops, would alone be sufficient to set up a reputation. The situation is very striking, and twice a day the waves of the German Ocean flow round its foundations. A good part of the front wall is extant, and portions of the towers. A miserable dungeon, five-and-twenty or thirty feet underground, the abode of many an unfortunate wretch, is also shown to visitors. It was in front of the castle that Wishart was burnt; and the supposed window is pointed out at which Cardinal Bethune sat to witness the awful spectacle, and from which in turn, a few months later, his mangled remains were ignominiously hung. A few steps further, and we enter the cathedral gates. Here, certainly, the glory is departed, but every footstep is over historic and, might we say, enchanted ground. The remains sufficiently indicate the former grandeur of the edifice. It was begun in 1159, and only completed in 1318. Its extreme length was 370 feet. For nearly three centuries it remained the great metropolitan church of the nation, until in 1559 it fell a prey to the iconoclastic zeal of the followers of Knox, and the work of a century and a

half was demolished almost in a day. Part of the east and west gables, three of the turrets or spires, a portion of the walls of the nave, and some lesser fragments is all that is left of this once splendid edifice. Close by the grey tower of the church of St. Regulus, 108 feet high, rears its head, one of the very oldest structures in Scotland. Fresh as it seems, it is supposed to have been nearly a thousand years in existence, and it looks solid enough to endure for a thousand years to come.'

XXXI

From *The Life of Lord Chancellor Campbell* (1881).

'I remember my extreme delight when as a child I first visited the city of St. Andrews, and being led down the "Butts Wynd" to the "Scores," the ocean in a storm was pointed out to me. When my father first brought me to be matriculated at St. Andrews he pointed out, translated, and explained to me the motto in the public hall of disputation, where degrees were formerly conferred :—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

'This advice from his father to Diomed when departing for the Trojan War made a deep impression on the son of the minister of Cupar when first leaving the parental roof.'

XXXII

From PROFESSOR MEIKLEJOHN'S *Life of Dr. Bell*
(1881).

'St. Andrews is a place so full of contrasts between new and old, town and country, barbarism and Christianity, that one or two words may be useful about it. The traveller on reaching it sees at once that he has fallen out of the ordinary track—has gone away from the common world, and that he has come into an outlying place, which cannot be judged by the usual standards we apply to villages, and towns, and cities. Such a cold stony hideousness of street, such a glory of sky, alternately chills and depresses, or lifts and inspires him. Old ruins, rising up bare and gaunt into the heaven, long reaches of monotonous street, quiet fields looking suddenly in upon the town, a bay of the most changeful hues—sometimes black as night, at other times of a blue as deep as the Mediterranean, or white as molten silver—steep cliffs, softly moulded hills, and over all a sky of the most various and transcendent beauty—a beauty that is new every few minutes—these are the features that keep the newcomer in a mixed condition of wonder and dissatisfaction. The sky is most beautiful in winter; for in these high latitudes the sun is low, even at high noon. He does not send his

rays down to the earth to enable workpeople to get through their work, but he flings them all abroad through the wide and open sky, to light it up with richest gold, to sprinkle over it light traces of green and grey ; and, towards afternoon, when the barred clouds lie in long stretches along the low sky, to touch with deepest calm some narrow opening into the beyond. In the evening, as the clouds meet towards the west over the setting sun, there are here and there rifts and openings between them, like quiet lakes of soft light, in which the calm is the visible expression, the true symbol to the fleshly eye of "the peace that passeth understanding."

'The look of some of the streets, even now, is the look of the fifteenth century. Knubbly and rough, like the streets of a Continental town, they must have been, as they still are, trying to the feet of the enthusiastic pilgrim. Perhaps a cart slowly rumbles through one of them once an hour, and this serves to intensify the silence. Winds from the sea push in vast body or in sudden gusts along the wide avenues ; and when a storm sends the waves dashing into the rocky coves that line the Scores,¹ the white thready foam is carried in large flakes, over house and church-steeple, away to the farthest end of the little wind-swept city. From the west, too, wind-

¹ This word is a corruption of *scar* or *scaur*, the old English word for a steep *cut-away* cliff.

currents find their way easily through it ; so that there is no stagnant air, and no close vapours, but everywhere an openness, a skyey influence, and a largeness of air all about.

‘ Approach it from the south—from the hills that bound it—and the traveller sees it set in a framework of river, and sea, and wood ; while the pilgrims of the middle ages, surmounting their last hill, halted at an iron cross which still stands on the Hill of the King,¹ and, falling on their knees at sight of the sacred spires, thanked God that it was at length given them to behold the Divine with the eyes of flesh. Stand in the middle of the links : between the gaps of the sand-hills flashes towards you the deep sunlit blue of the bay-waves ; you feel on a platform ringed with deep-blue sea, which is itself again ringed with an outer and infinite sky. Sky-born of the sky the whole region looks ; while the town itself seems a heavenly Jerusalem let down upon the nether earth to teach a higher doctrine to the sons of men.

‘ Here are more than a thousand years of Christianity ; and the visible symbols of it, in tower and steeple and windows, catch the eye at innumerable points. There are three distinct layers, the Celtic, the Roman, and the modern Protestant Christianity. The Celtic layer is represented by the leaning square

¹ Balrymont.

tower of St. Regulus, of the simplest form, but the most stern and solid character. The Roman layer is represented by the ruins of the Abbey, and the lovely window of the ancient monastery of the Blackfriars. While the Protestant—not constructive or architectural in any way—has raised for itself a number of the ugliest little chapels that even a Scotch town can boast of. But these traditions of Christianity and culture have left their mark most deeply on the character of the inhabitants.

A sweet *naïveté* permeates the place.

One reverence still the untainted race inspires ;
God their first thought, and after God their sires ;—
These last discerned Astræa's flying hem,
And Virtue's latest footsteps walked with them.

Clergyman, soldier, professor, physician, landowner, chimney-sweep, carpenter, ploughman, farmer, and tax-gatherer mix upon equal and brotherly terms, and each is always on the look-out to oblige his neighbour. Exclusiveness is neither known nor understood. On this happy plateau the 'schism of classes has never existed, but every man walks in a kindly atmosphere of neighbourliness and goodwill.

'The clack of disputing tongues, the appeal to an unsympathetic and matter-of-fact law, the imputation of evil motives—these things, so common in the smaller towns of Scotland, are never heard of in

St. Andrews. Here might Astræa Redux take lodgings for the sea-bathing of the summer months, and send her boys and girls to the schools and colleges for the winter. It is true there are religious sects, but these exist chiefly for the sake of friendly discussion and the generous rivalry of doing good. Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Churchman and Dissenter, frequent each other's churches and "fill" each other's pulpits, and are eager for nothing but the promotion of the constant Gospel of Christ.

'Two great interests share the life of the place—the University and Golf. The university is far from large, but it can boast of more famous men in proportion to its size than any other university in Great Britain. The quadrangle of St. Mary's College has a quiet loveliness which attracts every one, and reminds the visitor of the Clarendon Press quadrangle at Oxford; and the steeple of the United College Chapel is of a simple beauty and perfect proportion unsurpassed—and not often equalled—by that of any piece of architecture either in England or on the Continent. The professors live—when they can—an enviable life of quiet study; and between them and the students the pleasantest relations subsist. Hundreds of men look back upon their academic days at St. Andrews as by far the happiest in their lives. There they lie, far back in the happy fields of memory, a part of heaven rather

than of earth, but every now and then carrying into the noise and hurry of the crowded street a wave of calm, a peace that hallows and soothes the fevered nerves, the bounding emotions, or the surging brain.

‘Golf is, however, the more permanent staple of the place. It is to golf that Andrew Bell most probably owes his moral education. Statements we print, moralities we utter, which the child learns by “heart” and repeats, have probably no effect whatever on the character ; for there is no *tertium quid*, no mediating influence, by which they can cross over to the habitual thoughts and daily actions of a person ; and it is these thoughts and actions that go to mould the coming man. But golf is in itself an education. It is an education of the highest value. It embodies and carries into practice one of the noblest arts—the art of living a good and healthy life. It trains to attention, to concentration, and to tranquillity. The player takes his stand in a condition of perfect balance : every power of body and mind, of nerve and muscle, is braced up, rallied to point, under the guidance of a single eye ; the weapon is swung easily at the full stretch of the arm ; it is slowly lifted, describes the largest possible circle, and descends with a concentration of sweep and force upon the ball, the whole ball, and nothing but the ball. The reflex action upon the consciousness

of the player of a good stroke is probably more healthy and complete than any sense of virtue to which human mortal can in this life attain. The maxims : No zeal or hurry ; act upon the largest circle ; have a single eye ; mind and body in perfect balance and free swing ; the longest leverage you can find in your favour ; never take your eye off your purpose,—these are surely as good maxims for living as any moral philosopher has yet been able to lay down. This presence of the maximum of thought with the minimum of anxiety—this absolute freedom from care, this absorbing tranquillity—approaches more nearly to the Greek idea of *ataraxia* than anything we possess in modern times. It is therefore the best preparation for the highest thinking, for that which is not to be attained by importunity and *improbis labor*, but which comes—if it comes at all—as a heaven-sent gift :

Und wer nicht denkt
Dem ist sie beschenkt.
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen.

‘That some golfers do not rise to the highest heights of human perfection is no argument against the splendid qualities of the game, but only a proof that these players are men of arrested development—have been content with a mean, have considered it as a finality, and have never looked beyond. But

in a world like this, the chief object in self-education should be to connect all we do with the intellectual and moral growth of the soul, and to remember with the pious George Herbert, how

The man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

There are few more perfect systems of gymnastic for mind and body than the game of golf.'

XXXIII


From Mrs. ALEXANDER, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1884).

'There is perhaps no other city, certainly not within the three kingdoms, which unites in itself the characteristics of a seaside "season" residence, and those of a grave grey time-honoured University, as they are blended in this old Alma-mater, seated on her dull grey crag, lulled and raged against alternately by the restless waters of the German Ocean, and difficult of access even in these locomotive days.

'The traveller speeds slowly across green flats stretching between gently rising, sparsely wooded slopes and the sea ; over a stream bridged by stone

arches, lichen-grown and time-stained; on past sandy links covered with short soft sward, with patches of sweet yellow-blossomed gorse, and tufts of long coarse bleached grass, sometimes spreading out broad and breezy, sometimes receding till the sea washes the railway bank, and the gulls may be seen poisoning themselves on the crests of the waves. We are in the original city, once enclosed by walls, with a defensible gate at the end of each of the three principal streets, which diverged from the once magnificent cathedral, whose roof of copper gleaming in the sunlight could be discerned far away at sea. Of these gates only one remains, the West Port, surmounted by a half-effaced bas-relief of the celebrated boar whose chase and death resulted in such a goodly gift of lands to the Church.

'St. Mary's College.—Under the low-arched entrance, a delightful glimpse of foliage and greenery hints at more extensive grounds than the street front suggests: enter, and admire the unpretending beauty of the old quadrangle, the rich ivy, the mullioned windows, the rugged picturesque masonry, mellowed by time. Look at that old thorn-tree which stands at the end of the building next the shrubbery, so black, so seemingly dead in winter, so perennially renewed and beautified in spring. It was planted by the beautiful Queen of romance, whose story



is ever new, whose fame, ever reviving in fresh researches and discussions, still attracts chivalrous defenders as well as vigorous assailants. Farther on, still at the same south side of the street, behind which are large and pleasant gardens occupying the once extensive premises of the priory, is a low wide solid stone house. A passage through it leads into a small pleasure-ground, at the opposite side of which are the graceful ruins of St. Leonard's Chapel. This small enclosure is full of associations ; here vestiges of the past are blended with evidence of the modern care and culture, which reveres these relics of early human effort and aspiration. It is a place to sit, and dream in ; for here, occasionally, was the residence of Mary Stuart before her marriage with Darnley.

‘ At the end of South Street, on the right, is a fine pointed arch leading into a passage terminating in another arch ; between these there are evident marks of three others which supported apartments above, where probably the porter lodged. This, as well as a very solid wall twenty feet high and about a mile in extent, with thirteen towers, each of which has two or three canopied arches, from which the figures of the saints that formerly occupied them have long since disappeared, was built by Prior John Hepburn. This wall, most of which remains, commencing at the north-east buttress of the Cathedral, surrounded the Priory, ending at the above-described gateway

now called "The Pends." This was the main entrance to the Priory. The arms of the prior may be seen on various parts of the wall—two lions pulling a rose between them, upon a chevron, with the head of a crosier for a crest—the motto "*Ad vitam*," and the initials J. H. : one of these bears the date 1520.

'The once stately edifice is a mere wreck. One arch with a turret window still stands at this end, evidently the chief entrance; beneath it a broad gravelled walk, the bases of clustered columns showing more or less above the grass at either side, and indicating the nave, leads to the east gable. This still stands. It is pierced by three oblong round-headed lights, surmounted by a large window in the same style, from which all tracery has been broken away. At each side are turrets terminating in octagonal pinnacles. Beside these, the wall on the south side of the nave, and that on the west side of the south transept, remain. In this last may be seen some interlaced arches and the ruins of the steps by which the canons descended from the dormitory to the church to perform their midnight services. The bases of the four massy piers on which the great central tower was built may also be traced; and this is all, save three empty open stone coffins. These were discovered projecting from under the floor of the high altar when, by order of the

Exchequer in 1826, the stones and rubbish accumulated by the demolition of the cathedral were removed. They are still in the same place, the bones they contained having been taken out and buried. Beside these coffins was found a skeleton with a deep cut in the skull. This, it has been conjectured, might be the remains of the young and accomplished Archbishop Alexander Stewart, natural son of James IV., who fell with his gallant father at Flodden: as he would in all probability have been interred in his own cathedral church.

‘The wall on the south side of the nave contains thirteen windows, of which seven, nearest the east end, have semicircular arches, and six of a later period are pointed with single mullions.

‘About a hundred feet to the south-east, and within the circuit of Prior Hepburn’s wall, is an edifice supposed to be the most ancient in Scotland. It is a square tower one hundred and ten feet high, built of extremely hard brownish-grey stone, unlike any to be found in the neighbourhood. There are still the walls of a small church standing on the east of the tower, and traces of the sloping roof of an ante-chapel on the opposite wall. According to tradition this church and tower were erected over the original cell of St. Rule or Regulus, a Greek monk of Achaia, by whom the relics of St. Andrew were preserved and watched. He was warned in a

dream to take a few bones and teeth of the deceased saint, and to "carry them westward to the utmost part of the world." He seems to have made a fair division, and left enough to endow Milan and Brescia.

'*The Castle*.—This fortress is strongly situated on a rocky promontory, so that on two sides it was defended by the sea ; on the west, next the town, is a deep moat now dry and grass-grown. This is crossed by a foot-bridge leading to an archway, once the principal entrance. The greater part of the wall here still stands ; a half-effaced scutcheon and some carvings about the windows are visible, but there are few indications of grandeur or beauty in the remains. The side of one tower landward, the lower part of those to the sea with the wall between them, pierced with three or four windows now frayed by time and storm into shapeless holes ; the fragment of a round turret at the south-east angle, with the first steps of a winding stair ; these are all that remain of what has been the theatre of many a stirring scene, the object of many a bloody struggle, the prison of Catholic and Protestant, Jacobite and Whig.

'At present the fragments of the tower afford pleasant elevated resting-places on a summer's day, and command views full of quiet beauty across the wide bay.

'Opposite is a range of hills, wooded and culti-

vated, sloping down to a nearly invisible line of beach. Over these rise the hoary Grampians, streaked here and there with snow, though a bright May morning was smiling as we looked. To the west these hills sink somewhat abruptly, rising again after a little space to a greater height. In this hollow is a small conical hill known as the Law of Dundee, at the foot of which lies the busy prosperous town of the same name. Between it and a nearer wooded ridge rolls the Tay, or rather the estuary of the Tay, a dim white haze rising above the ridge indicates the course of the river. The hills sweep gently round the bend of the bay, leaving a wide space of rich undulating land between them and the sea. A fair scene, and none the less fair for the light and shade of our northern atmosphere and colouring,—soft greys, tender greens, faint fleecy mists, the wonderful effect of sunbeams shooting out from beneath dark masses of cumuli, the variety of changing shadows from swift-sailing clouds, as compared with the less variable loveliness of southern climates.

‘But when winter “stern and wild” closes round, the outlook is harsh and pitiless; great swirls of dark rain-mist drive across the bay, chased by furious blasts from vast stores of eastern storm, and deluge the land with fierce showers of angry tears.

‘Here the look-out in summer weather is full of quiet

beauty, of a refreshing sense of space, of changing colour, of remoteness and freedom. A little farther, and the rocky platform rounds with a sudden decline to the flats crossed by the railway.

‘The sunsets here over the woods of Strathtyrum and the hills beyond, are wonderfully fine. Such colouring is rarely seen in these latitudes,—gorgeous flaming crimson, richest orange, deep purple changing to rose and gold, to palest green and blue, with the delicate lustre of mother-of-pearl, casting their glories over field and trees, touching the glimpse of water where the Eden runs into the sea at the head of the links with fire, and slowly retreating before the downy darkness of the short summer night. When you have watched the death of day, and read your book or paper by the lingering light till ten o’clock, should you be still wakeful, you may see the first flush of dawn a few minutes after what we are accustomed to consider midnight.’

XXXIV

FROM GEORGE BRUCE’S *Wrecks and Reminiscences of St. Andrews Bay* (1884).

‘I should like to learn something in connection with my native city. . . . There are few bays more changeable than St. Andrews Bay. In the morning,

like the sunshine of youth and hope, its surface may be placid as an inland lake, or, in the words of Coleridge, "like a painted ocean"; before evening it may be lashed into living foam from an endless chain of breakers, rolling and chasing each other like foaming liquid hosts darting onward to the shore; for, owing to the flatness of the beach, and shallowness of the bay itself, the breakers begin to curl almost as far out as the eye can reach. From the rugged headland termed the Red Head on the north-east, to Fife Ness (or Nose) on the south-east, on a line with the Bell Rock light—that magnificent revolving lighted sentinel of the bay in the centre—the white crests of these rollers will be seen curling, and, like the white ivory of the tiger, ominously grinning in the distance. The cause is obvious. It is exposed to the full sweep of the North Sea in easterly gales for upwards of three hundred miles, without a headland or island to break the long heavy fetch caused by the full sweep of the storm between our comparatively shallow bay and the jagged rocks of Scandinavia. Indeed, the whole North Sea is so comparatively shallow that an elevation of its bed less than six hundred feet would convert the whole of that sea into dry land from the north of Shetland to the headlands of Brittany, as it was long ago; so that in easterly storms the sea rises almost as quick as the gale; nay, the dog often comes before his master, consequently many vessels

are caught and driven into extreme peril before their crews are aware, especially in the dark winter season, when the easterly gales are often accompanied by foggy mist, or "harr," and drizzling rain or blinding snow. From its close proximity to the Firths of Forth and Tay many of the shipwrecks occurred from the bewildered vessels having run full tilt into the bay—into the very jaws of destruction—their crews thinking they were running up the Firth of Forth into a haven of safety, until the dull thundering boom of the breakers all around, from the rugged rocks of the Fife coast to the equally dangerous submerged banks of Tay, only too truly warned them of their desperate position. It is hardly possible for a vessel to be in a more dangerous situation than embayed in St. Andrews Bay, as the many treacherous and ominously hidden sandbanks stretch for miles eastward on the north, like an unseen trap, almost the whole length of the bay, or only to open up a still wider rocky beach from Arbroath to the Red Head, while the unbroken chain of jagged cliffs and pitiless rocks on the south run the entire length of the Fife coast, from St. Andrews to the Carr Rock, that blind beacon of destruction. . . .

‘On either side there is nothing but destruction and death staring the unfortunate seamen in the face, when once fairly caught within the jaws of this

dangerous bay in easterly storms ; nor yet is there a safer and more pleasant sheet of water in fine weather for yachting, pleasure-sailing, or racing, from the almost total absence of any tide for about three or four miles out, with the exception of its own slow majestic ebb and flow, owing to the pit of it lying (as it were) like some small eddy in a burn-side, between the counteracting tides of two of the largest rivers and firths in Scotland, the one counterbalancing the other. . . . Having alluded to the comparative shallowness of the bay, and the North Sea itself, I may state that it has been proved beyond doubt that, at one period of time, it formed part of the mainland, by the hundreds of bones of large herbivorous and carnivorous animals being dredged up from time to time by fishermen from the Dogger Bank — nearly half-way between Scotland and Norway.

‘From the earliest period when human beings appeared in these now islands, at the time when the bed of the North Sea united Britain to the mainland, the Thames was no doubt a tributary of the Rhine, before it poured its waters into the Atlantic, between the heights of Shetland and the mountainous coasts of southern Norway. Every successive wave of migration, whether of plant or animal, must have come from this eastern side ; because, from the shape of the bottom of the Atlantic immediately to

the west of our area—as revealed by the abundant soundings and dredgings of recent years—it is evident that, although the British Islands were again raised even a thousand feet above their present level, they would not gain more than a belt of lowland or plain about two hundred miles broad on their western border.

‘They stand, in fact, nearly on the edge of the great European plateau, which, about two hundred miles to the west of them, plunges rapidly down into the deep abysses of the Atlantic; while less than an elevation of six hundred feet would convert the whole of the North Sea into dry land, and there would then have been no St. Andrews Bay, but a magnificent and fertile plain of herbs and trees instead, as it was once before; for, previous to the final retreat of the ice period, the alternating warmer intervals brought into Britain many wild animals from the milder regions of the south. Horses, stags, Irish elks, wild oxen, and bison roamed in herds over the plains; while wild boars, three kinds of rhinoceros, two kinds of elephants, brown bears, and grizzly bears, etc., tenanted the forests. The rivers then teemed with hippopotami, beaver, otter, etc.; while among the carnivora were lions, hyænas, wolves, and tigers. Many of these animals must have been in herds in the plains over which the North Sea and the breakers in St. Andrews Bay now roll, from the

convincing proof of the number of their bones
dredged up. . . .'

XXXV

ANDREW LANG in *Rhymes à la Mode*.

ALMÆ MATRES.

(St. Andrews, 1862. Oxford, 1865.)

'*St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,*

A haunted town it is to me !

A little city, worn and grey,

The grey North Ocean girds it round,

And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,

The long sea-rollers surge and sound.

And still the thin and biting spray

Drives down the melancholy street,

And still endure, and still decay,

Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.

Ghost-like and shadowy they stand

Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

St. Leonard's chapel, long ago

We loitered idly where the tall

Fresh-budded mountain ashes blow

Within thy desecrated wall:

The tough roots rent the tomb below,

The April birds sang clamorous,

We did not dream, we could not know

How hardly Fate would deal with us !

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touched his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O, little city, grey and sere,
Though shrunk from thine ancient pride
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me !

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And, in the spring-time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,
And Pleasure quick to come at call.
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And Autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen rolled ;
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast
The "flying terms" with bands of gold,—

All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surge, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown.
St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

In ANDREW LANG'S *Grass of Parnassus*, the following lines occur in the poem entitled 'Clevedon Church,' in which he refers first to the burial-place of Arthur Hallam, and then to St. Andrews :—

'Westward I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver grey,
The turbid Channel with the wandering sails
Moans through the winter day.
There is no colour but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea.

But there hath he that woke the sleepless Love
Slept through these fifty years,
There is the grave that has been wept above
With more than mortal tears.

And far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain.

Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies,
My heart flits forth from these
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
Back to the northern seas.
And lo, the long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster grey,
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.

And I remember me how twain were one
Beside that ocean dim,
I count the years passed over since the sun
That lights me looked on him,
And dreaming of the voice that, safe in sleep,
Shall greet me not again,
Far, far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain.'

VALE.

By ANDREW LANG.

'Farewell: before the winter goes we go,
Before the flush of spring,
We leave the gardens flaked with foam for snow,
E'er the larks dare to sing :

Good-bye : the ruins grey
Must watch them pass away,
The spots of scarlet through the alleys brown :
We shall not see the green above the grey,
The summer in the town.

Farewell the long line of the violet hills
Beyond the yellow sand,
The wide brown level that the water fills
Between the sea and land :
The sea-birds call and cry
O'er shining sands or dry,
Along the foam-fringed marges of the Bay ;
We shall not see the splendour of July
Here—nor the longest day !

Farewell : for turning a reluctant face
Once more we seek the din,
The lurid light on that unlovely place
Of luxury and sin :
Farewell ! yet once we knew
How the short midnight through
The sunset with the sunrise mingled here,
Above the grey links and the waters blue
In summer of the year.'

In a Paper on *Old St. Leonard's Days*, ANDREW
LANG writes :—

‘ We took in unconsciously a good store of happiness from the ruined towers, the long rollers always breaking on the limitless sands, the ivy mantling the ruined walls of St. Leonard’s Chapel, the rose light in the wintry sky, all the memories that haunt the ancient city, and the windy shores. We made other memories too, which we leave there, which we leave unspoken : the world is full of these, every man has his own place that is haunted by the vision of lost faces, the sound of silent speech. On St. Andrews sands, too, “the sea moans round with many voices.” ’

BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF
(East Fifeshire).

By ANDREW LANG.

‘ There are laddies will drive ye a ba’
To the burn frae the farthestmost tee,
But ye mauna think driving is a’,
Ye may heel her and send her ajee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea ;
And ye ’re dune, sir, ye ’re no worth a preen.
Tak’ the word that an auld man ’ll gie,
Tak’ aye tent to be up on the green !

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw
That their putting is pawky and slee :
In a bunker they 're nae guid ava',
But to girn, and to gar the sand flee.
And a lassie can putt—ony she—
Be she Maggy, or Bessie, or Jean,
But a cleek-shot 's the billy for me,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw,
I hae play'd since the year 'thirty-three,
I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw,
And I trust I may play till I dee ;
And I tell ye the truth and nae lee,
For I speak o' the thing I hae seen—
Tam Morris, I ken, will agree—
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !

Envoy.

Prince, faith you 're improvin' a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you 're keen ;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green !'

A SONG OF LIFE AND GOLF.

By ANDREW LANG.

'The thing they ca' the stimy o't,
I find it ilka where ;
Ye 'maist lie deid,—an unco shot,—
Anither's ba' is there !
Ye canna win into the hole,
However gleg ye be,
And aye, where'er ma ba' may row,
Some limmer stimies me !

Chorus—Somebody stimying me,
Somebody stimying me,
The grass may grow, the ba' may row,
Some limmer stimies me !

I lo'ed a lass, a bonny lass,
Her lips an' locks were reid ;
Intil her heart I couldna pass :
Anither man lay deid !
He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu'e'e,
I couldna loft him, I maun part—
The limmer stimied me !

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' kind, an' glebe, an' a',
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched,—
A convartit U.P.,—
An' a' in vain ma best I preached—
That limmer stimied me!

It's aye the same in life an' gowf,
I'm stimied, late an' ear',
This world is but a weary howf,
I'd fain be ither-where!
But whan auld Deith wad hole ma corp,
As sure as Deith ye'll see
Some coof has played the moudiewarp,
Rin in, an' stimied me!'

· ODE TO GOLF.

By ANDREW LANG.

“Delusive Nymph, farewell!”
How oft we've said or sung,
When balls evasive fell,
Or in the jaws of “Hell,”
Or salt sea-weeds among,
'Mid shingle and sea-shell!

How oft beside "the Burn,"
 We play the sad "two more" ;
How often at the turn,
The heather must we spurn ;
 How oft have "topped and swore,"
In bent and whin and fern !

Yes, when the broken head
 Bounds further than the ball,
The heart has inly bled.
Ah ! and the lips have said
 Words we would not recall—
Wild words of passion bred.

In bunkers all unknown,
 Far beyond "Walkinshaw,"
Where never ball had flown—
Reached by ourselves alone—
 Caddies have heard with awe
The music of our moan !

Yet Nymph, if once alone,
 The ball hath feately fled—
Not smitten from the bone—
That drive doth still atone ;
 And one long shot laid dead,
Our grief to the winds hath blown !

So, still beside the tee,
We meet in storm or calm,
Lady, and worship thee ;
While the loud lark sings free,
Piping his matin psalm
Above the grey sad sea.'

A SHORT HISTORY.

Ballade of St. Andrews University.

By ANDREW LANG.

'Tis thought when St. Regulus landed
The bones of St. Andrew he bare
To a cave in a cliff that commanded
A prospect with capital air ;
"The sea-wind is capital fare
For a healthy ascetic," cried he ;
And he settled contentedly where
The College now stands by the sea.

Though his language was not understood
By the Picts who were residents there,
Yet his influence grew and expanded,
And a gown of the red was his wear.
And the neighbours—at first they would stare ;
But he gave them, each one, a degree,
And they wrestled in study and prayer
Near the College that stands by the sea.

So he died ; but if ever a man did,
 He started a work that was fair ;
 And the monks who came next—to be candid—
 They set an example as rare.
 The Reformers—well, well—didn't care
 For the Church, if the Kirk was but free,
 And they founded us many a Chair
 In the College that stands by the sea.

Envoy.

A health to Kate Kennedy fair,
 To the men of the club and the tee,
 And to all who had ever a share
 In the College that stands by the sea.'

SOCRATES ON THE LINKS.

By ANDREW LANG.

'Going down towards the shore lately I met Critias and the beautiful Charmides, for indeed they are seldom apart. Seeing that they carried in their hands clubs not only of wood, but of iron, and even of brass, I conceived that they were bound for the Palaestra.

"Hail to you, Critias," I said ; "is it permitted to accompany you?"

"Indeed, Socrates, you may, and you may even carry those clubs for me," said Critias.

“But,” said I, “is the carrying of clubs an art, or a sport?”

“An art, if it be done for money,” he said; “but a sport, if to oblige a friend, for the things of friends are common.”

“Will you then lend me your putter to knock yonder sophist on the head?” I asked, but he denied it with an oath.

“Neither then,” said I, “oh best of men, will I carry your clubs, for it does not become one who has not learned an art to practise it.”

Critias was now building a small altar of sea-sand, on which he placed a white ball, and addressed himself to it in a pious manner, and becomingly.

“It is a singularly fine morning,” I remarked; on hearing which he smote his ball, not rightly, nor according to law, but on the top, so that it ran into the road, and there lay in a rut.

“Tell me, Critias,” I said, “do you think it becoming a philosopher, and one who studies the sacred writings even of the extreme Barbarians, to be incapable of self-command, and that in a trifling matter such as whether a ball is hit fairly, or not fairly?”

But he seized an iron club, and glared upon me so fiercely that I turned to Charmides, who was now about to hit his ball for the second time.

He observing that it was a “beautiful lie,” I

asked him : "Charmides, can we say that any lie is really beautiful or noble, or are not nobility and beauty rather the attributes of the True?"

'He thereupon struck his ball, but not skilfully, so that it fell into the Ilissus, which did not seem to be his intention, but otherwise.

"Socrates," he said, "you have made me heel it."

"That," I answered, "is rather the function of the physician; and yet no harm may be done, for shall we not say that healing is also an art, and beneficial?"

'But by this time they had crossed the Ilissus walking, one by a bridge of stone, the other by a bridge of wood, whereas I deemed it more seeming to go round by the road. Hurrying after them, I found them declaring that "the hole was halved"; and as they again stood up before their balls, with genuflexions as is customary and pious, I said to Critias: "Then Critias, if the half, as Hesiod tells us, be better than the hole, is he more truly fortunate, and favoured of the gods, who wins one half, or two holes, or——"

'But as I was speaking he struck his ball not far off, but near into a sandpit which is in that place, and hard by it a stone pillar, the altar, perhaps, of some god, or the sepulchre of a hero.

"What call you this place, Critias?" I said to

him, as he smote the sand repeatedly with an iron instrument.

“We call it a bunker,” he said.

“Is it, then, analogous to what you name a ‘bunk,’ or even more so, for have you not observed that when the syllable ‘er’ is added to an adjective, then, as Cratylus says, addition of a sort is predicated?”

‘By this time he was in another sandpit, digging eagerly with his iron weapon.

“Critias,” I said, “of three things, one. Either a wise man will not go into bunkers, or, being in, he will endure such things as befall him with patience, or, having called to his aid certain of the agricultural class, he will fill up those cavities, adding a prayer to the local gods, and perhaps sacrificing a tom cat!”

‘But, I having said this, Critias and Charmides turned upon me, with imprecations and niblicks, and, having first rolled me in the gorse bushes, and hurt me very much, they then beat me with the shafts of their clubs, and, next filling my mouth with sand, they bore me along and cast me into the Ilissus, whence I hardly escaped by swimming.

“Now, Socrates,” they said, “is it more becoming a philosopher to speak to a man when he is addressing himself to his ball, or rather, having somewhere found a Professor to prove to him—he

being perhaps an old man or an amiable—that he does not understand his own business?”

‘But, by the Dog, I was in no case to answer this question, rather I have brought an action against Critias and Charmides before the Court of the Areopagus, estimating at several minæ the injuries which I received, as I have already told you.’

XXXVI

Sonnet by WILLIAM L. COURTNEY, written in a
St. Andrews guest-book (1885).

ST. ANDREWS.

‘Grey rocks, and greyer skies, and greyest sea—
And on the verge an old-world city set,
Battling with undefeated parapet,
‘Gainst stress and storm to windward or to lee—
Full of old memories she yet shall be
Nurse of heroic men for whom the debt
To that dim past is unacknowledged yet,
Till Time shall set their names in history.

Where Mary wept, and iron Knox could pray,
Now rings the jocund laughter of the town ;
Youth’s mirthful music can outwear the frown
That wreaths the forehead of her long-spent day ;
While through the streets the flash of scarlet
gown
Makes brilliant discord in the wonted grey.’

XXXVII

FROM PRINCIPAL SHAIRP'S *Sketches in History and Poetry* (1887).

KING ROBERT BRUCE IN ST. ANDREWS
CATHEDRAL, 5th July 1318.

'On old Kilrymount all the middle age
Arose no morning so supremely fair,
As when begirt with baron, knight, and page,
King Robert entered there.

A day of solemn pomp majestic—
The minster, building long, was now complete;
And all the land had heard the Church's call
To dedication meet.

Ages had watched that fabric slowly climb,
Priors had toiled, and bishops, many a one,
Their little day—then closed their eyes on time,
Leaving the work undone.

But William Lamberton, the Bishop good,
Of Wallace wight and Bruce the steadfast friend,
Who for his country's cause with these had stood,
Till it found glorious end—

One of the famous few, who, nothing loth,
At Scone convened to crown the outlawed man,
Then spite of English Edward's tyrant oath,
Spite of Rome's awful ban,

Forsook him never, till the hard-won close
Of Bannockburn had crowned the noble toil—
Then Bishop William earned serene repose,
O'erflowing wealth of spoil—

Spoil that enriched that long majestic nave,
Still waxing fairer, as it wandered west,
Till groined door, and pinnacled gable brave,
With tracery effloresced.

And there it stood, each key-stoned arch rose-bound,
Each carved niche, and fluted column tall,
Of the best deed e'er wrought on Scottish ground,
Proudly memorial ;

Sacred to that great Saint, they deemed, who
brought
From Heaven the strength whereby the day was
won,
Clothing his arm with might the while he fought,
Scotland's anointed one.

Then summons from the Bishop reached the King,
In old Dunfermline Tower where he lay ;
Him bidding come, and his best warriors bring,
To that high festal day.

All his life through King Robert had respect
To them who stood by him, the priests at home ;
And blessed his work, making of none effect
The cruel ban of Rome.

And so with earl and baron, squire and page,
Gladly the King that morning made him boun,
To ride upon a summer pilgrimage
To old St. Andrews town.

His war-men had just come from laying waste
The English border, town, and tower, and farm ;
And still they rode, their brawny limbs mail-cased,
Their broad shields on their arm.

For that was all the joy of every Scot,
Those jubilant days that followed Bannockburn,
To flout the Southron border, thence having brought
Much store of spoil, return.

Dunfermline forth, down Leven Vale they rode,
Round Lomond's base, and the green knowes
out o'er,
Eastward where lonely Tarvet looks abroad,
From his far-seen watch-tower.

But when they reached the crown of Magus height,
Where first far off the Minster spires they saw,
Down from his in-reined steed the King alights,
And kneels to earth with awe.

Him following leap, loud clanging, to the ground
From their high selles the mailed men, one
and all

And to their knees in reverence profound,
On the green sward down fall.

Then rising, on they ride ; above their heads
The July sun shone cloudless ; on before,
Larger the towers grew, gleamed the new roof-leads,
Beyond, the smooth sea floor

Lay violet-tinted. Ah, me ! never came
Down to the sacred city by the sea,
Nor e'er shall come, all time it hath a name,
So brave a company.

Foremost the King rode, his broad shoulders mailed
In coat of proof, but the raised visor gave
Full to the light his noble features paled
With suffering, calm and grave.

For that broad casque contains the ample brain
On which hath hung suspended Scotland's doom ;
That mail, the heart that beats to noblest strain
This hour in Christendom.

Yet bland his look withal ; to them who rode
On either side, gaily his speech ran o'er ;
The while beneath him his great war-horse trode,
As proud of whom he bore.

On right and left a knight rode—they, too,
mailed—

Fair-haired, broad-visaged one, large-limbed
and tall—

Randolph, King's sister's son, who foremost scaled
Dunedin's rock and wall,

He who o'erthrew the Clifford in hot fight ;

But now the voice, so dreadful in mid-press
Of battle, soft and low sounds—all that might
Is sheathed in gentleness.

On the other side there rode a knight well knit,
Dark-haired and swarthy, long and lank of
limb,

Clean-made and sinewy, for all hardness fit,
Much talked the King with him.

That was the good Sir James, but whoso scan

His face so debonair and sweet to see,
They might not guess in throng of battle-van,
What other look had he.

The Bishop sent him hence in fervent youth,

To join the outlawed Bruce in his sore need,
Whom now he hither brings in very sooth,
King of the land he freed.

That ponderous mace, well-proven in many a fight;
Lightly and cheerily his right hand wields,
As though impatient to essay its might
In yet an hundred fields.

And Walter Steward as erewhile in war,
Rides here in peace by Douglas' side to-day;
But Marjory Bruce, brief-while his bride, sleeps far
In Paisley's still abbaye.

And many more, the King's own kinsmen leal,
Who shared his hardship, share his triumph now;
Young Colin Campbell, son of brave Sir Niel,
Just come from far Lochowe.

And Donald, Lord of Mar, redeemed at last
From durance, rides 'mid his glad kinsmen—o'er
His proud head hangs to-day no shadow cast
From baleful Dupplin Moor.

And hoary Sutherland, long proven in worth,
And young Ross, from his mountains ocean-
walled;
Sprung these from Mormaers of the rugged north,
Now Earls, not Mormaers called.

And others more, tried comrades of the King,
Malcolm, old Earl of Lennox—he who knew
The Bruce, 'mid Lennox mountains wandering,
By the bugle blast he blew;

And then for joy to find his master dear,
Fell on his neck with weeping, and regaled
The famished company with forest cheer,
Ere to Rachrin he sailed.

And Angus of the Isles, who, that dark hour,
The King from Lennox mountains forced to flee,
Received and refuged in the grim sea tower
Of high Dunaverty.

And faithful Andrew Moray, too, rides here,
From Bothwell towers and the bank of Clyde;
Where deep in dungeons mured for many a year
The Southron captives sighed.

And Keith the Marischal, who broke the flank
Of England's archers by the famous burn;
With that great Thane of all but kingly rank,
Earl Malise of Strathearn.

And Magnus, Lord of Orcadie, the heir
Of grim Vikings who ruled the northern main;
David de Lindsay, Henry de St. Clair,
And Reginald le Chene.

The men of Bannockburn, the good, the true!
Shall we not name their honest names with pride?
Shall not to them eternal thanks be due
Down all the ages wide?

They vowed that they would give their lives to death,
Or else the land they loved of tyrants rid ;
And since has every Scot drawn nobler breath
For the good work they did.

O to have seen that company as they rode
Down the long slope to the grey promontory,
Where in sunshine the young Cathedral glowed
Fair in its pristine glory !

To have gazed one moment on the face of Bruce,
Supreme amid that lordly chivalry ;
The men of simple hearts and iron thews,
Who made our Scotland free !

But, ere they reached the precinct, a long mile,
Of a great choir of priests they were aware,
And white-robed singers moving, file on file,
Whose voices on the air

Floated far off, scarce audible at first,
But louder growing, as they nearer came,
Till fronting the great cavalcade they burst
Into full-voiced acclaim.

And deep awe fell on each brave heart and face,
As the priests paced before, their censers
swinging,
With the white choristers toward the holy place
Their chant of welcome singing.

I.—A.D. 730.

‘This sacred soil hath felt the beat,
Age by age, of kingly feet,
Hither come for prayer and vow,
But of all none great as thou,
Since the day thy great forebear,
Pictish Angus, did appear
O’er yon hill-top, at the head
Of his warriors, vision-led,
Holy Rule to duly greet,
Refuged in his cave retreat.

II.

‘Fair that dawn for Scotland, when
Met the priests and warrior-men,
Peace-attired. In forefront there,
With his feet and head all bare,
Moved St. Rule, and high in air,
Relics of the Apostle held ;
Following him, grey men of eld,
Came the monks, their anthems singing,
With the white-robed children flinging
Up to heaven their choral chant,
Most sweet-voiced and jubilant.
Then barefoot, the King, his proud
War-gear cast aside, and bowed

Low in reverence,—last the throng
Of his warriors, brave and strong,
Men of battle, moved along ;
Seven times from east to west
Compassed they the soil they blessed,
Making all the headlands o'er
Free to heaven for evermore.

III.—A.D. 943.

'But who is this that casteth down
Sceptre, sword, and kingly crown,
For monk's cowl and shirt of hair?
Battle-shout for lonely prayer?
'Tis an aged man and worn
With the weight of care, long borne,
From earth's storms and darkness turning,
Where a purer light is burning,
Fain to find here peace divine,
'Tis the good King Constantine.

IV.—A.D. 1070. MALCOLM CANMORE.

'Can Kilrymount ere forget
Her, the sainted Margaret?
The fair-haired young Saxon Queen,
With her lord of swarthy mien,

Standing here amid conclave
Of stoled priests and Culdees grave,
Pleading by God's holy fear
For a purer life austere ;
For a loftier strain of heart,
More from earth and sense apart,
To o'erawe the world and win
The gross people sunk in sin,
Till the coldest needs must feel
Something of her heavenly zeal,
Mother of our royal house !
Fair the crown on thy young brows,
Fairer seal the church hath set,
Bright and undecaying yet,
Holy, sainted Margaret !

V.—A.D. 1120. ALEXANDER I.

'Whose charger this, so richly dight ;
Steed of Araby, silver-white,
Springing stride, and hawk-like head,
To the very altar led ?
Strange these vaulted arches ring
To his proud hoofs echoing,
Trumpet-like his haughty neigh
Shakes yon massy-roofed abbaye.
'Tis the King of Scotland's—there
Stands he on the altar stair ;

While either side a squire doth lead
To the shrine an Arab steed,
Champing bit of massy gold,
Girt with harness jewel-scrolled,
Bearing gorgeous velvet blooms,
Broidery of orient looms,
With a panoply of proof,
Wrought in rings of golden woof,
Silver spear, and silver shield,
Fit for only kings to wield,
Gems might grace an emperor's crown,
On the altar laying down.
So to seal his high intent,
Monarch most magnificent ;
As a dower to render o'er
 To Kilrymount's holy place,
All the lands the famous Boar
 Traversed in his mighty race.

VI.—A.D. 1130. DAVID I.

'Now another Prince is seen,
Meeker, more devout of mien,
Latest-born of Margaret's line,
Kneeling low before our shrine,
Restorer of the Church's rights,
Builder on the ancient sights,

Born to more than reinstate
Holy places desolate,
Ninian's shrine by far Whithern,
Cell of saintly Kentigern,
Raising as with magic wand
Into vast cathedrals grand.
Hither, led by high desire,
Came that Prince with heart on fire,
To reclaim our sacred lands
From the grasp of secular hands,
And to fashion not alone
Fabrics wrought with lime and stone,
But within our primal see,
Spiritual masonry ;
Living temple stones to rear,
Men of holy life severe,
That untiring, night and day,
They for souls sin-soiled might pray,
And to all the land impart
Life from out this central heart.
Kingly labourer ! well he wrought,
Till to perfect form was brought,
What his mother had begun,
What his brothers left undone,
Saintly mother ! saintly son !

VII.—A.D. 1160. MALCOLM IV.

‘ But who are these with solemn pace,
On the foam-fringed promontory,
Moving round the sacred place,
Maiden King, with boy-like face,
Mitred Prelate, bowed and hoary,
While behind them, long in row,
Prior, monks, and singers go,
Chanting, “ Lord, look down on us,”
Nisi quia Dominus?

Now with faces fronting east,
Stand bareheaded, king and priest,
And the founding-stone is laid,
And the prayer devoutly made,
Corner-stone of what shall be
Seat of Scotland’s central see,
Amen! Benedicite!
Soon from earth that king a priest
Passed, but never since hath ceased
Growth of this majestic pile,
Rising through two hundred years,
Choir and transept, nave and aisle
Till to-day the roof up-rears,
Dazzling sheen, far seen to sea,
Joy of mariners, while we

Bear the topmost head-stone forth,
Shouting loud with holy mirth.

VIII.

‘Scion of a hundred kings !
Blessed be the day that brings
Thee and thy companions brave
’Neath our Minster’s holy nave,
Here to hold with solemn glee
This our nation’s jubilee.
Come thou, mightiest of thy race,
Enter Scotland’s holiest place,
All the virtues of thy line
In thee blended brighter shine,
All their valours rolled in one
Could not match what thou hast done.
Wallace, when in death he fell,
Handed on his sword to thee,—
Thou that sword hast wielded well,
Thou hast made our Scotland free.
Through thy might what marvellous things
He hath wrought, the King of Kings !
Clothing thee with brain to plan,
As the wisest only can,
Patient spirit, and sublime
Self-control to bide thy time,

Then strike home, and stake dear life
On the die of glorious strife.
Vain then England's cavaliers,
Crashing 'gainst our ashen spears,
Vain from morn to noon their toiling,—
Back like broken waves recoiling
From our rock-like ranks that stood
To the knees in Southron blood ;
Till thy voice, O mighty Bruce !
Scotland's Lion-hearts let loose,
Charged then all our battles four—
We were free for evermore.
Come now, Conqueror ! take thine own,
Double right upholds thy throne,
Right of heritage and blood,
Right of valour unwithstood,
Thronèd in the nation's heart,
Very king of men thou art ;
Alban's far-descended Lord !
To thy people heaven-restored,
Thou who madest Scotland free,
Welcome to her Primal See.

The precinct reached, down from their selles they
spring ;
There at the great Cathedral's western door
The mitred Bishop met the mailèd King,
And pacing slow before

Led him right on, up the long pillared nave,
That echoed back the monarch's armèd clang,
While rolling solemn anthems, wave on wave,
Innumerable voices sang

High mass and requiem for the brave departed,
Who died on many a field to freedom dear ;
And loud thanksgiving for the noble-hearted,
To-day in presence here.

And heads of convents stoled in long array,
Abbots and priors stood within the choir,
From Dryburgh, Melrose, Holyrood, Inchaffray,
And inward rangèd higher,

Six mitred Prelates ; for the King's dear sake,
And for their country's, from his several see,
Each the long way had travelled to partake
This high solemnity.

Through these, unheeding, calmly the King passed,
And on St. Andrew's shrine rich offerings rare
Heaped largely ; then before high altar cast
Himself in lonely prayer,

Cleanness imploring, and full pardon free,
For all the innocent blood that he had spilt ;
And rendering thanks that he had lived to see
This dome so grandly built :

O day august ! of solemn joy that thrilled
The exulting heart of Scotland, when her brave
Deliverers with their glad thanksgiving filled
That Minster, choir and nave.

They came, they passed, that day, too fleetly gone,
Like unsubstantial phantom of the mind,
The pageant joined the past oblivion,
Leaving no rack behind.

Scarce more substantial that Cathedral proud,
For all its solid frame, to-day doth seem,
From earth long vanished, like a moving cloud,
Or the fabric of a dream.

THE GOOD LORD JAMES IN ST. ANDREWS.

‘Within his castle-hall the bishop sat,
That looks down on the sounding sea,
And a “braid letter” he yestreen had gat
With eager eyes read he.

And read, and then re-read with anxious heed,
Then rising, bade his seneschal
Summon the prior and his monks with speed,
Into the castle-hall.

All met, he read aloud—swift words and brief,
“I, Robert Bruce, do greet thee well ;
This day, John Comyn, Badenoch’s perjured chief,
Beneath my poignard fell.

And now I rise against King Edward’s might,
This land of ours to disenslave ;
The while I battle to make good the right,
Thy benison I crave.”

That hearing, from their chests a deep-drawn breath
They heaved, those churchmen, every one ;
The die was cast they felt for life or death,
And a new act begun.

But straight with voice of cheer the bishop broke
That pause,—Good hope I have that soon
Shall be fulfilled the word the prophet spoke,
True Thomas of Ercildoune.

“This Earl of Carrick, of the ancient breed,
Is he, that seer foretold would come
To rule the bravest land benorth the Tweed
In all wide Christendom.”

Within that hall a stripling stood hard by,
Listening the while the bishop read,
And kindling gallant heart and flashing eye
At the brave words he said.

That was the young James Douglas—lank and tall
Of frame he was, with coal-black hair,
Great-boned, broad-shouldered, but his look withal,
Mild, sweet, and debonair,

Spoke him true knight and gentle—skilled in lore
He had brought home from schools of France,
To read the Troubadours, but practised more
To wield the sword and lance ;

And burning Southron foemen to assail,
Who him had disinherited
Of his own lands and castle in Douglassdale,
And there held rule instead.

Drew to the bishop's side and spake that youth,
Soon as the priests the hall had left,
"Thou knowest, sire, how without right or ruth
These English loons have reft

Me of my house and lands ; and I not doubt
The doughty Earl of Carrick, he
For yon man he hath slain will be cast out,
Made landless like to me,

And have against him every English knave ;
Wherefore, good sire, if so thou will,
I would with him King Edward's vengeance brave,
And take the good and ill,

Till from this realm we drive our foes outright ;
And so through him I trowe to win
Once more the lands my father held—despite
The Clifford and his kin.”

The bishop turned on him an aspect kind,
And answer made, with pity moved,
“Would Heaven, sweet son, thou wert with him
combined,
So I were unproved.

But this way may'st thou work, and God thee
speed,
In yonder stall doth idle stand
Ferrand, my palfrey,—fleeter, safer steed,
Or one so well in hand,

All Scotland holds not. Take him, and be gone,
But do it as of thine own deed ;
And if men ask thee, see thou say to none
That ere I gave this rede.

And if the groom who tends him chance with-
stand,
Take thou the steed in his despite ;
So shall the deed seem thine own doing, and
I shall be blameless quite.

Now do my bidding—haste thee on thy way—
Say to the Earl of Carrick, soon
I will set forward with what speed I may
To meet with him at Scone.

Then God thee bless, and him thou goest to,
And both from all your foes defend,
And bring the work which ye essay to do
Unto a perfect end.”

Then took the bishop from an oaken chest,
And gave large moneys for his way,
And in his own right hand the youth’s hand prest,
And bade him fair good-day.

Straight to the stable then young Douglas hied—
In surly wise the groom withstood,
And strove to thrust him from the door aside,
With churlish words and rude.

But with his sword-hilt Douglas to the ground
The caitiff felled, and while he lay
In swoon, the saddle on the palfrey bound,
And lightly rode away.

Forth from the precinct, through the western gate,
He passed out to the open moor,
Alone, with none to guide, but steering straight
By the Lomonds on before.

To far Lochmaben Castle he was boun,
For there to find the Bruce he weened ;
But long the road and wild and tower and town
With arm'd foes intervenen.

Long in forced idlesse he had pined for lack
Of venture—now 'twas breath of life,
All the spring-day to thread that moorland track,
West through the How o' Fife.

Beneath the Lomonds northern base he wound,
Past Leven Loch, and reached the shore
Of Forth's deep flood, and there a boatman found
To ferry him out o'er.

Up the low Carse for high Torwood, across
The Carron Water lay his path,
Through mile on mile of weary muir and moss
Till past remote Carnwath,

Two days, two nights, nor stint, nor stay, he rode :
The third morn met him, as he clomb
The braes by Coulter Fell, that westward showed,
Hard by his ancient home,

Cairntable soaring high o'er Douglasdale—
Him eyeing Douglas—"Soon we'll see,
O native hill ! if we may not avail
To strike a blow for thee."

Faster he rode the rounded summits bare,
That cradle springs of Clyde and Tweed,
There of a rout of riders he was ware,
That forward full in speed

Came on from Annan-head,—thereat perplex,
One moment Douglas drew his rein,
But one brief moment only, for the next
Onward he spurred amain.

Straight by his side a knight reined up, and cried,
“Speak—whither art thou hurrying?”
“I, Lord of Douglas, for the Bruce do ride,
As to my rightful king.”

“All hail! Sir James, all hail!” the Bruce cried
loud,
And rode to meet him; on bent knee
Down on the bare moor the young warrior bowed,
To do him fealty.

“Rise up, Sir James, rise up, remount thy steed,
Of old I know thy noble kind,
When Scotland called her bravest to her need,
They never were behind;

“And thou of these art worthy.” Then they twain,
Grasping strong hands through gloves of mail,
Plighted their faith where lonely Arickstane
Looks down o’er Annandale.

That spot beheld their meeting, heard their pledge,
Broad-chested warrior, tall lithe youth,
The word they plighted on that moorland edge,
They kept to the end in sooth.

“Now ride, my men, time presses,—forward, on,”
Bruce slacked his rein, and passed with speed
Along the mountain ridge ; soon all are gone,
Following their chieftain’s lead.

That lay through Scone—through Methven’s fatal
wood,—
Through outlawed years by land and sea,
On to the field where he a conqueror stood,
And made our Scotland free.

Through dark and bright, they travelled side by
side,
Comrade with comrade, friend with friend,
In loyal love which nothing could divide,
Unto that perfect end,

When field of Spain, amid the fiery brunt
Of battle, shook to that dread cry,
“Now forward pass, brave HEART! as thou wert
wont,
Douglas will follow or die.”

Moment ! like which none other can succeed,
When, in one passing blink of time,
The mid-age flowered in that consummate deed
Of chivalry sublime.

Oh ! live for ever these heroic names,
In noblest friendship intertwined,
The great King Robert and the good Lord James,
In Scotland's heart enshrined.'

XXXVIII

From H. D. RAWNSLEY'S *Sonnets round the Coast*
(1887).

IN MEMORIAM : PRINCIPAL SHAIRP,¹
September 1885.

' Let Jura wail, the loud Atlantic sweep,
To Argyle's inland solitudes, forlorn,
By sound and firth let sobbing seas be borne
From that dark shore where song is laid asleep ;
For never gentler heart did climb the steep
Unwavering, never holier oath was sworn
Than his, who in his pure exalted morn,

¹ Principal Shairp died at Ormsary, Knapdale, in Argyleshire. Reference is made to his work as an interpreter of Wordsworth, and to his being Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Gave Nature's soul his innocence to keep.
Oh ! lost to human presence, not gone
From those who felt thy heart in thy right
 hand,
And knew it beat in time to all things true ;
Though sad the vales of Wordsworth's Cumber-
 land,
And drear St. Andrew's ruin stands in view,
Though Isis weeps, thine angel lamp burns on.'

IN MEMORIAM : PRINCIPAL TULLOCH,¹

February 1886.

'Gone to the land of light and calm, in fear
For this dark day and our tempestuous time,
Already hast thou heard the silver chime
That ever doth our jarring earth ensphere.
Nor art thou friendless, thy devout compeer,
Who shared the toil of thy laborious prime,
Comes from those heavenly heights which angels
 climb,
To lift the burden that thy shoulders bear.
And if before thine ears were stopped by Death

¹ 'An allusion is made in line 5 to the late Principal Shairp; in line 10 to Sir Robert Anstruther's return, after a scrutiny of votes, as M.P. for the St. Andrews burghs.'—H. D. R.

No message came of that last battle-cry,
Where friends fought fierce with argument for
swords,
Thou knowest now, from out men's cloudy
breath
And strife of indistinguishable words,
God rolls his car of Truth to Victory.'

JOHN KNOX, A GALLEY SLAVE, OFF ST. ANDREWS.

'Faint unto death, but swaying to and fro,
In chains the captive laboured at the oar,
Till, when the sea grew wan, one cried, "The
shore!"
And lit by tempest gleam of morning, lo
St. Andrews cliffs stood out as white as snow,
Then died to dark above the breakers' roar.
Hath any seen the tall sea-towers before?
By'r Lady, who of yonder town can know?
Out spoke the prisoner, "Well I know the
place;
This is God's sign that I shall live, not die:
Beneath yon towers He gave me speech and
grace,
There God again this mouth shall glorify."
The fierce storm-spirit leapt into his face,
And through the storm the Lord of Life went by.'

GEORGE WISHART, MARTYRED AT ST. ANDREWS,
March 1, 1545.

'Deep in the Castle donjon by the sea
He heard the waves with intermittent shock
Boom—and the winds his misery seemed to mock
With voice of freedom—but his soul was free.
He knew false Peter held the prison key,
And one lie told, his fetters would unlock :
Willing he stood, self-shut within the rock,
And from that rock he drank perpetually,
Rock-natured grown. But since by that stern road
Of living faggot and slow shrivelling flame
Alone could fullest liberty be won,
Whilst the grim Cardinal looked moveless on,
He bore the Cross, contemptuous of the shame,
And passed through fire and tempest¹ straight
to God.'

THE EYE THAT GUIDES ST. ANDREWS FISHERMEN.

'Idle, in port, the fishers laugh and call
This hornèd ruin "Nick o' the open maw" !
But when the wind blows fresh from Berwick Law,
And brown sails sing, and merry goes the trawl,

¹ 'The day George Wishart died, a furious storm of wind broke upon the coast of St. Andrews. The fisher-folk looked upon it as a judgment upon his murderers. The window at which Cardinal Beaton sat to see the martyr perish is still pointed out above the Castle gateway.'—H. D. R.

With Yo-heave-ho they take the last long haul,
And home toward the harbour as they draw,
No dearer sight the helmsman ever saw
Than yon gap-windowed old Cathedral wall.
Year in, year out, in storm, or summer fine,
With power attractive as the needle's pole,
The stone-set jewel of familiar sky
Beams forth a genial tutelary eye
That gives good luck, and urges to the goal
Of home and rest, beneath St. Andrews shrine.'

FAREWELL TO ST. ANDREWS.

' Farewell, thou city of the thousand years ;
High o'er the reef the Achaian sailors knew,
And Acca¹ with his bold Northumbrian crew
Made famous. Strong sea-music in thine ears
Works its continual charm, and still thy seers
From thought's high cliff the storms of doubt
may view,
And guide to safety. Still in royal hue,
Though kings are past, young scholarship appears.

¹ ' Acca, driven from Northumbria with a company of priests, virtually founded St. Andrews, *circa* 900. Mary of Guise, Mary Queen of Scots, Wishart, Cardinal Beaton, John Knox, all made St. Andrews famous ; and in modern times the names of the two late Principals have added honourable lustre to the ancient seat of learning.'—H. D. R.

Shades haunt thee—bishops, kings, one fair
queen's face,
Protesting martyr, Rome's fierce Cardinal,
And that stern preacher, he who shook thy towers
And broke thine altars ; great amongst them all,
Those pillars of thine Academic bowers,
Gracious in wisdom one—one wise in grace.'

TO M. K. ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

ST. ANDREWS.

'Dear girl, of all the shells to-morrow's tide
Shall from the bounteous ocean cast ashore,
Though each some sweet congratulations bore,
One shell must needs be added, one beside
All others to be cherished ! It will hide
Within its whispering-gallery at the core
A jewel for thine ear ; sought out the more,
Lest oceanwards ungathered it may glide
For Aphrodite's keeping. Happy girl,
Upon whose brow the eighteenth March has set
Grace and sweet bloom, be wise, the god of Love
Works even of friendship sorrow. Pure the pearl
I offer for your birthday coronet :
Pearl is but pain with rainbow overwove.'

XXXIX

SHERIFF CAMPBELL SMITH, in a Paper on *The Light of Long Ago* (1887), wrote:—

‘To the hoary walls of the old city I feel under inexpressible obligations—dread, silent monitors of the flight of generations to me, the child of yesterday. What have they not seen of faithful or sordid priests and fanatical reformers, robbers of consecrated stores, citizen, artisan, or smuggler: the thousands upon thousands of the opulent and industrious, who sleep among the ruins of the old Cathedral. . . . Have they not seen and wept over all the comedy and tragedy of an ecclesiastical metropolis, thrown up to rot piecemeal on the rocks of time?—all the rolling, commingling tide of trivial and substantial—meditative teacher, scheming ecclesiastic, golfing aristocrat, shrieking fishwife, budding poet, earnest student, rolling along decade after decade over the old streets, under the shadow of the old wall-flowers, to the moaning music of the old far-sounding sea.’

XL

From A. K. H. BOYD'S *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*.

In the year 1888 an interesting work was done in the Cathedral. I quote an account of it by

Dr. Boyd:—‘The outline of all the vanished piers and walls was marked out in the turf. The precise size and outline were shown, and the space so filled in with ashes of coal, beaten flat, that weeds cannot grow. It was most skilfully done. The north transept, with a side aisle on its east side, had wholly disappeared. But so accurately had the calculations been made, that digging down some feet, there were the foundations exactly where they were looked for. You have the ground-plan shown to perfection. It came to be known that builders, eight centuries since, did not much regard the work of those who had built before them. Several Celtic crosses, covered with characteristic and elaborate ornamentation, and of immemorial age, had been laid on their sides and built into the foundations of the east gable of the Cathedral. They are a foot or more beneath the surface of the ground. It has lately been proposed to take them out and place them in the museum of the University. It may be hoped this Vandalism will not be perpetrated. It is of great interest to see these crosses where the builders of the church placed them. Here is a characteristic fact of history, to which may be added the less worthy reasons, that fifty visitors see them where they are for one who would see them elsewhere; and that to underpin a huge gable of a hundred feet in height, standing without support to meet the fiercest blasts of the

German Ocean, and which has stood for more than seven hundred years, would be very risky work indeed.'

From A. K. H. BOYD's *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews* (1892).

Of St. Andrews Thomas Carlyle said, 'Grand place, St. Andrews. You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland, in good and clean condition.' In recording this, Dr. Boyd adds: 'It has the look of a city, a sacred and solemn city, seen either from far or near. John Stuart Mill was disappointed with its modern look, but then he had expected something like Augsburg or Nuremberg. "The very ideal of a little university city," was Mr. Froude's judgment, looking at it from the Eden two miles out along the West Sands. And never does the grey place take a more haunted aspect than when a bright September sunset shines on it across the famous links, turning the ancient town and ruins to a marvellous opal hue.' Again: 'I never saw anywhere such winter sunsets as at St. Andrews. One year, all through November and December,¹ regularly each afternoon, the sky all round the horizon blazed with crimson and gold to the zenith. You could not have said which was West and which

¹ It was the year of the great volcanic eruptions in Japan.

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was East. The men came out of the Club daily, and gazed their fill.' Again: 'We walked along South Street as a magnificent red sunset filled the whole western sky to the zenith. When we turned, under a great pointed arch of inexpressible perfection, and looked due west, the vast expanse of red sky, the rows of fading limes, the grey long street, bending naturally as mediæval streets bend, we both exclaimed, A glorious sight. . . . A Glasgow merchant looking at the city from the links when the sunset of mid-September fell upon it, gilding the towers and making the circling sea to blaze, said that it reminded him of Jerusalem the Golden. And indeed for a glimpse of time St. Andrews was a Golden City, bounded by a sea of glass mingled with fire.'

XLI

From Principal Shairp and his Friends (1888).

It occurred to some friends of the late Principal Shairp that a memorial of his long and intimate connection with the University of St. Andrews, and especially with the United College, might be most appropriately placed within the chapel of St. Salvator's College, where he habitually worshipped.

The stained-glass windows in that chapel have

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been placed there in memory of Dr. Chalmers, Principal John Hunter, and other distinguished men associated with the University of St. Andrews, while the canopies of the professors' stalls were erected as a memorial of Principal James D. Forbes, by his own bequest. One window still remains undecorated, and Principal Shairp frequently expressed his desire to have the blank supplied.

The committee selected a design for the memorial window by Mr. Henry Holiday, A.R.A. It was executed by Messrs. James Powell and Son, of Whitefriars Glass Works, London, and placed in the College Church in December 1886.

The following is Professor Campbell's description of the window :—"The subject of the design is taken from the words of Scripture in 2 Peter i. 5-7 : "Add to your faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

'In the central light Faith is represented threading a dark wood. She treads on brambles which break into bloom beneath her feet. Her head is slightly depressed as in meek submission. In the compartment under her is a group of smaller figures—Stephen before the Sanhedrim. He is looking upwards, at the moment when they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel" (Acts vi. 15).

'To the left of Faith, and to the spectator's right,

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‘Under the principal figures are the words—

VIRTUS.

FIDES.

SCIENTIA.

‘Sufficient room has been reserved at the foot for the inscription, which runs as follows, commencing from the centre—

JOANNI CAMPBELL SHAIRP

QUI HUIC COLLEGIO PRAEFUIT : MDCCCLXVIII-MDCCCLXXXV.

‘Great care has been spent on the selection and arrangement of the colours, and the whole effect is rich, yet simple and dignified.’

The portrait was kindly undertaken by the late Mr. Robert Herdman, R.S.A., who painted it from memory, with the help of photographs and the suggestions of friends.¹

The following is his own account of it :—

‘ST. BERNARD’S, BRUNTSFIELD CRESCENT,
‘EDINBURGH, 12th October 1886.

‘. . . I have wished to represent the Principal mainly in repose, but to suggest the activity of his nature by turning the head a little aside—as though something of interest drew his attention. The expression of countenance which I most sought for was kindly steadfastness of purpose, and the ideality

¹ This portrait, which is partly taken from the last photograph by Mr. Marshall Wane, has been recently engraved.

which seemed to dwell visibly in the eyes and expressive brow; and I have endeavoured, in the general effect and composition, to suggest the deep, rich, well-balanced nature of the man.

‘The three books point to where his special sympathies lay, in literature and thought; while the robe, hood, and cap sufficiently indicate his academic position. The column behind him may point to classic culture, whilst more obviously the bit of distant open-air nature, floating cloud and misty hilltop, disclose themselves as in peculiar affinity with the poetic side of his character.

‘All this may look fanciful, and I do not expect, or indeed wish, that it should be apparent to the ordinary spectator; but it has been under the impulse to express such things that I have worked. If those who knew and valued the man should find that he is sympathetically recalled to them by the portrait, I may be well satisfied.’

In another letter Mr. Herdman says, ‘I did it mainly because of my strong and early affection for St. Andrews, and the old College, where I passed my youthful days.’

XLII

ON THE WINDOW TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCIPAL
SHAIRP IN THE COLLEGE CHURCH OF
ST. ANDREWS.

‘Blazoned by limner’s art upon the fane,
Lo, they that ruled his life, the powers divine,
Faith, Knowledge, Virtue stand, and Love benign !
So we who kneel within this ancient fane,
Mourning his empty place, nor all in vain
Perchance by sorrow schooled, accept as sign
From heaven the tender glory of sunshine
That doubly rich glows through the gorgeous stain.
The three resplendent stand beneath Love’s throne,
Veiling their glorious heads alone to her !
One darkling paths threads unafraid, and one
From Wisdom’s written lore looks up for light
Heavenward ; the third, in golden armour dight,
Is yet of Peace the unshod harbinger.’

L. I. LUMSDEN.

XLIII

In her *Memoir of the Life of John Tulloch* (1888),
Mrs. OLIPHANT writes thus of St. Andrews :—

‘There are now few places where the visitor is
more likely to meet with other pilgrims from all
quarters of the world. The little grey town with its
rocks and ruins, the stately relics of a historic

ecclesiastical period now entirely passed, and leaving no sign except in these monuments of a lodging far more magnificent than faith or learning has ever since had in Scotland—with the dark and dangerous reefs below, which make St. Andrews Bay a name of fear to seafaring men; and around the half-encompassing sea, sometimes grey as northern skies can make it, sometimes crisp and brilliant in its blue breadth as full of colour as the Mediterranean, the long stretch of sandhills and cheerful links, the brown and red roofs all clustered about an old steeple or two, thinning out into farmhouses and cottages landward among their spare and wind-swept trees, running down into fisher houses, and the bustle of a little storm-beaten port towards the east—stands now, as then, upon its little promontory, with all those charms of situation and association which make a place of human habitation most dear. I think there is no such sweep and breadth of sky anywhere. The “spacious firmament on high” sweeps round and round, with the distant hills in soft outline against its tints of pearl, and the levels of the sea melting into it, yet keeping their imperceptible line of distinction, brimming over in that vast and glorious cup. The great globe sways visibly in the summer sunshine, so that the musing spectator seems to see its vast circumference, the level of its human diameter, the circle that holds it

separate from all other spaces and worlds. Nowhere else has my mind received the same impression of the round world and all that it contains. And there could be no more magnificent sight anywhere than the sunsets that flame upon the western sky over the long levels of the links, or the rush of the aurora borealis in the intense blue of the midnight frost, or the infinite soft gradations of earth and sea and air in the lingering summer evenings, when the gleam of half a dozen lighthouses comes out intermittent, like faint earthly stars in the dim celestial circles where silence reigns and peace.'

XLIV

FROM ROBERT F. MURRAY'S *Scarlet Gown* (1891).

A DECEMBER DAY.

'Blue, blue is the sea to-day,
Warmly the light
Sleeps on St. Andrews Bay—
Blue, fringed with white.

That's no December sky!
Surely 'tis June
Holds now her state on high,
Queen of the noon.

Only the tree-tops bare
Crowning the hill,
Clear-cut in perfect air,
Warn us that still

Winter, the aged chief,
Mighty in power,
Exiles the tender leaf,
Exiles the flower.

Is there a heart to-day,
A heart that grieves
For flowers that fade away,
For fallen leaves ?

Oh, not in leaves or flowers
Endures the charm
That clothes those naked towers
With love-light warm.

O dear St. Andrews Bay,
Winter or Spring
Give not nor take away
Memories that cling

All round thy girdling reefs,
That walk thy shore,
Memories of joys and griefs
Ours evermore.'

AFTER MANY DAYS.

'The mist hangs round the College tower,
The ghostly street
Is silent at this midnight hour,
Save for my feet.

With none to see, with none to hear,
Downward I go
To where, beside the rugged pier,
The sea sings low.

It sings a tune well loved and known
In days gone by,
When often here, and not alone,
I watched the sky.

That was a barren time at best,
Its fruits were few ;
But fruits and flowers had keener zest
And fresher hue.

Life has not since been wholly vain,
And now I bear
Of wisdom plucked from joy and pain
Some slender share.

But, howsoever rich the store,
I'd lay it down,
To feel upon my back once more
The old red gown.'

From ROBERT F. MURRAY'S *Poems* (1894).

WINTER AT ST. ANDREWS.

'The city once again doth wear
Her wonted dress of winter's bride,
Her mantle woven of misty air,
With saffron sunlight faintly dyed.
She sits above the seething tide,
Of all her summer robes forlorn—
And dead is all her summer pride—
The leaves are off Queen Mary's Thorn.

All round, the landscape stretches bare,
The bleak fields lying far and wide,
Monotonous, with here and there
A lone tree on a lone hillside.
No more the land is glorified
With golden gleams of ripening corn,
Scarce is a cheerful hue descried—
The leaves are off Queen Mary's Thorn.

For me, I do not greatly care
 Though leaves be dead, and mists abide.
To me the place is thrice as fair
 In winter as in summer-tide :
With kindlier memories allied
 Of pleasure past and pain o'erworn.
What care I, though the earth may hide
 The leaves from off Queen Mary's Thorn?

Thus I unto my friend replied,
 When, on a chill late autumn morn,
He pointed to the tree, and cried,
 "The leaves are off Queen Mary's Thorn ! "

FOR SCOTLAND.

'Beyond the Cheviots and the Tweed,
 Beyond the Firth of Forth
My memory returns at speed
 To Scotland and the North.

For still I keep, and ever shall,
 A warm place in my heart for Scotland,
Scotland, Scotland,
 A warm place in my heart for Scotland.

Oh, cruel off St. Andrews Bay
 The winds are wont to blow !
They either rest or gently play,
 When there in dreams I go.

And there I wander, young again,
With limbs that do not tire,
Along the coast to Kittock's Den,
With whin-bloom all afire.

I climb the Spindle Rock, and lie
And take my doubtful ease,
Between the ocean and the sky,
Derided by the breeze.

Where coloured mushrooms thickly grow,
Like flowers of brittle stalk,
To haunted Magus Muir I go,
By Lady Catherine's Walk.

In dreams the year I linger through,
In that familiar town,
Where all the youth I ever knew,
Burned up and flickered down.

There's not a rock that fronts the sea,
There's not an inland grove,
But has a tale to tell to me
Of friendship or of love.

And so I keep, and ever shall,
The best place in my heart for Scotland,
Scotland, Scotland,
The best place in my heart for Scotland !'

COME BACK TO ST. ANDREWS.

'Come back to St. Andrews! Before you went
away

You said you would be wretched where you could
not see the Bay,
The East sands and the West sands and the castle
in the sea,

Come back to St. Andrews—St. Andrews and me.

Oh, it's dreary along South Street when the rain
is coming down,

And the east wind makes the student draw more
close his warm red gown,

As I often saw you do, when I watched you
going by

On the stormy days to College, from my window
up on high.

I wander on the Lade Braes, where I used to
walk with you,

And purple are the woods of Mount Melville,
budding new,

But I cannot bear to look, for the tears keep
coming so,

And the Spring has lost the freshness which it
had a year ago.

Yet often I could fancy, where the pathway takes
a turn,
I shall see you in a moment, coming round beside
the burn,
Coming round beside the burn, with your swinging
step and free,
And your face lit up with pleasure at the sudden
sight of me.

Beyond the Rock and Spindle, where we watched
the water clear
In the happy April sunshine, with a happy sound
to hear,
There I sat this afternoon, but no hand was
holding mine,
And the water sounded eerie, though the April
sun did shine.

Oh, why should I complain of what I know was
bound to be?
For you had your way to make, and you must
not think of me.
But a woman's heart is weak, and a woman's joys
are few—
There are times when I could die for a moment's
sight of you.

It may be you will come again, before my hair
is grey

As the sea is in the twilight of a weary winter's day.
When success is grown a burden, and your heart
would fain be free,

Come back to St. Andrews—St. Andrews and me.

XLV

From the MARQUIS OF BUTE'S *Rectorial Address*
(1893).

'As I grew towards manhood, I did not put away childish things in the sense of losing my feelings towards this place. And I remember when I was at Oxford and was going one long vacation to Iceland in company with an English friend (now the secretary of one of Her Majesty's present Ministers), I stopped the yacht here in order to show him with pride the only place in Scotland, as far as I know, whose appearance can boast any kinship with that of Oxford. And, indeed, if the buildings here be comparatively few, they would be proud enough at Oxford of the tower and chapel of St. Salvator; they never had any building such as is the Cathedral, even in its ruins; they have nothing to compare to the tower of St. Regulus, and no walls like those of Prior Hepburn. And the glorious surroundings of nature here rise above any comparison with the site

of Oxford, amid flat meadows surrounded by tame hills, upon the banks of a small sluggish river, and annually insulated for a longer or shorter period by floods.

‘I was going to have added that St. Andrews had also the advantage over Oxford of emerging into the light of history from the glittering haze of the heroic myth, instead of from the dark fogs of uncertainty, occasionally illuminated by the fitful will-o’-the-wisp of doubtful conjecture. But I am not fond of the heroic myth when I can get facts, and even fair suppositions drawn from facts. And St. Andrews needs not the heroic myth in order to clothe its birth or its history with lustre. Its real history is noble. And as time advances, and the romance of youth becomes ever more and more distant, and the sober desire for historic and scientific truth waxes stronger, it seems to me all the more precious for being a real history which is recoverable from documents; and of which what must still be the subject of conjecture, is at least conjecture based upon good circumstantial evidence.

‘I look upon the history of St. Andrews as especially precious here as a continual expression of, and witness to, the spirit of the Scottish nationality in the higher spheres of thought and activity.

‘I look upon St. Andrews and her history as a singularly pure type, presentment, and symbol of the

distinctive genius of the Scottish race energising in the highest field of thought, a chief witness to, and monument of, the Scottish national history in its most ideal and elevated aspects.

‘ On the 5th of March this year, I took a walk with Professor Knight to Drumcarrow. It was a fine, sunny day. We stood among the remains of the pre-historic fort and looked over the bright view, the glorious landscape enriched by so many memories, the city of St. Andrews enthroned upon her sea-girt promontory, the German Ocean stretching to the horizon, from where it chafes upon the cliffs which support her walls. And we remarked how God and man, how nature and history, had alike marked this place as an ideal home of learning and culture. And then the view and the name of the Apostle together carried my thoughts away to another land and to a narrower and land-locked sea. I do not mean that where Patrai, the scene of Andrew’s death, looks from the shores of Achaia towards the home of Ulysses over waters rendered for ever glorious by the victory of Lepanto. I do not mean the city of Constantine, where the first Christian Emperor enshrined his body, and where the union of ineffably debased luxury and ineffably debased misery, which drains into the Sea of Marmora, excites a disgust which almost chokes grief and humiliation. Neither do I mean those sun-baked precipices which, by the

shores of the Gulf of Salerno, beetle over the grave where lies the body that was conformed in death to the likeness of the death of the Lord. I mean the land of Andrew's birth—the hot, brown hills which, far below the general sea-level of the world, gird in the Lake of Gennesareth—that strange landscape which also is not unknown to me, the environing circle of arid steepes, at whose feet, nevertheless, the occasional brakes of oleander raise above the line of the waters their masses of pink blossom, and whence the eye can see the snows of Hermon glistening against the sky far away—and I pray that some words which he heard uttered upon one of those hills may be realised here—that the physical situation of this place may be but a parable of its moral position—and that it may yet be said of the House of the Apostle that “the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell not : for it was founded upon a rock.”

XLVI

FROM THOMAS T. OLIPHANT'S *The Episcopal
Congregation at St. Andrews* (1896).

THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

‘ . . . Shortly after two P.M. the procession left the church, slowly moved up Queen Street and along

South Street, and then followed a sight which will never be forgotten by those who took part in it. Since one of the western spires of the Cathedral suddenly fell some time in the seventeenth century, narrowly missing a funeral party which had just passed through the great doorway, that route had been avoided, and the northern pathway, clear of the ruins altogether, had been taken. But on this occasion it was thought specially fitting that a Bishop of St. Andrews should be borne in solemn pageant through the once grand building; and, as the white-robed choir and clergy slowly paced up the roofless nave and passed out close to where the high altar stood of old, visions of the past seemed to fill the air, and a bright hope flashed in many breasts that perhaps some day, in the not very distant future, the awful havoc of the sixteenth century would be undone, and that not only here, but throughout Scotland, the stately houses of God built by our pious forefathers would be restored.'

XLVII

From ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, in *The Cornhill Magazine* (1901).

'All across the sands, that seem to stretch further than they ever did before, on this October after-

noon the people are sprinkling in couples and companies, and spreading and strolling along by the sea with their children. The children, for once neither at work nor at play, but in their Sunday clothes, are walking demurely in happiness ; the heavens are also dressed in their best, of vaporous cloud and azure and arching stillness ; the birds look like specks, so high do they fly overhead. Though the sea is so far off it makes a great noise ; the crisp waves thunder along the distant edge in foam and whiteness. Then, further to the west, the hills of Fife come breaking like the waves of the sea, only these land-waves take cycles instead of minutes to flow. They advance in immeasurable slowness, in exquisite lines of light, of grey, of aquamarine. As the people pass and repass, the sands are stamped with hundreds of footsteps crossing each other.

‘Not the least charm of St. Andrews—that famous Scottish shrine of education—is the fanciful contrast between the centuries. The old ruins of near a thousand years ago, with their many grim legends of fire and sword and axe, make a fine background for the youthful aspirations and good spirits of the boys and girls who belong to this present 1901. At St. Andrews, the great North Sea (to which a thousand years must seem like a drop in the ocean of time) lies sometimes blue, sometimes frothing in foam beyond the grey ruins. The inland landscape

of hills varies with the lights as they flow along the countryside, and in October the beeches are crisp with lovely tints, and the pretty chestnut glades of Strathtyrum are aflame. The autumn sessions have begun ; the schools are open not only for the babes, but for students of every age. All day long the University lads and lasses, in their quaint red gowns and trencher caps, are flitting on their way to and from the professors' lectures. Sometimes they stand in groups, waiting with their books and papers under the great archways of the University, or you may see them coming out of the old houses and hurrying up the narrow stone alleys that lead to North Street, where the University stands firmer than either Castle or Cathedral.

‘If you walk along the old streets at certain hours on week-days, in the mornings and in the early forenoon, you might almost expect to meet the Pied Piper himself passing with long strides over the stones, in his fantastic garb, and playing as he goes ; so urgent and pressing are the swarms of rosy children hurrying by. They come out of the houses and down the stone flights, trotting up on their tidy little stumpy legs, pursuing one another, dressed in hoods and caps and quaint gay-coloured garments of their mothers' fashion, rather than the milliner's mode ; boys and girls, too, from the small ages down to the very tiniest, running along in a business-like,

independent sort of way, well at home in the old streets and alleys. These small Scots, almost without exception, carry books and copy-books or little satchels slung on their shoulders ; for it is no wicked demon, but a benevolent spirit, the Pied Piper of education, that is calling them irresistibly.

‘As for the University, it was founded some six hundred years ago, in those times when Kings came on horseback with their followers to pray in the now ruined choirs, bringing gifts and golden caskets and whole parishes for guerdons ; in days when four hundred monks walking in procession, from the Abbey up North Street, raised up a thanksgiving psalm for the opening of the University. In later palmy times the port was crowded with ships ; Kings, Queens, and their courtiers and followings, lived in the old houses round about the great Cathedral. Embassies came from foreign parts, Spanish ambassadors, Italian nuncios ; Mary of Guise was welcomed as a bride ; Mary Queen of Scots followed her mother as a young widow, coming to ride about and to disport herself in the fine air. She would not be plagued with business at St. Andrews, she said, and dismissed the envoys who came to trouble her fun.

‘The streets are well trodden now, the ruins stand firm upon the rocks that overhang the sea. As one walks along the worn stones, to-day seems crowded

with other days, and yet vivid with its own present and original grace. Indeed the life and interest at St. Andrews are delightful to realise, and the longer one stays there the more one learns how vivid its present is.'

XLVIII

FROM MRS. ANSTRUTHER, in *The Westminster Gazette* (1901).

A CITY.

‘The sand meets with the sea, in form and colour like the crescent of a young harvest-moon. On the eastmost horn of the crescent the City stands, the grey Castle jutting out into the sea, while in the rear rise up the towers of the ruined Cathedral and the College church. The Cathedral was once the greatest and most wonderful in all the kingdom. Its roof was of burnished copper, and boats coming from far off could see it glowing like a sheet of fire as they sailed upon the difficult and dangerous sea. Gold roof upon grey walls, grey walls upon green grass. . . . But in the Reformation days the roof and its great glory was destroyed, and all the gold that rests upon the grey walls now is the transient gold of the sun as it rises in the east.

‘A City once of priests and power, the great

ecclesiastical centre of the land, a City where in the old strenuous days, when men's passions and beliefs ran high, much history was forged, many miracles were wrought. Here, three powerful Brotherhoods had each its church, its cloister, its hospice, its garden. Now these Brotherhoods have been dispersed, the garden is given to the dead, the buildings are crumbling ruins. Vast fragments of surrounding walls, empty niches where saints once stood, some broken pillars, some fallen arches, the tracery of a window, the outline of a door, ruins of castle, of cathedral, of priory, of refectory—this is all that remains.

‘Grey the wide streets which converge to the Cathedral as do the spokes to the axle of a wheel. Down the southmost of them in the dead of night is it whispered that the great Cardinal still drives in a ghostly coach, and folk lying abed in the houses which once were his guest-houses can hear distinctly the rattle of the wheels upon the cobble-stones as the coach swings onwards in the darkness at break-neck speed.

‘Once, there was yet another street overhanging the sea, and along it in the old religious days came strings of pious Pilgrims, faithful if foot-weary, having journeyed long and tediously across the country, over hills and through morasses, to reach this City where lay the bones of saints, potent for

miracle, and where was also a Holy Well of marvellous qualities, wherein the blind, the maimed, the lame could bathe and rise up cleansed and whole. Now the Pilgrims who come to this City are otherwise. Strong are they and far from weary, buoyant rather with youth, each full of faith in his own splendid future. And the Holy Well they come to is the Well of learning, which here lies beneath the shadow of great old traditions, and the dry bones that work these miracles and come to life are the dry bones of knowledge. Along the grey streets of the old City, clad in gowns of brilliant scarlet, these Pilgrim-students pass, men and women equally intent to secure for themselves the miracle of a wider vision ; capacity for a fuller life ; power to walk uprightly, justly, that with sane and finely tempered minds they may be able to cope with the technicalities and difficulties of the more complex pilgrimage of life.

‘Once in every thousand days, for the space of an hour, does the City regain an aspect entirely mediæval. It is on the day when the students have a procession in honour of their Lord Rector.

‘From out the darkness of the old College buildings into the darkness of a November evening issues a stream of light, the sound of many voices singing lustily, the rhythmical trampling of many feet. A motley procession of strange masked creatures, weird,

uncouth, grotesque. Extreme old age hirpling beside precocious infancy, Mephistopheles arm in arm with the demurest nun, an emperor leading a fisher lassie, a widow and a bride, a bowed old friar walking beside a decked and painted lady, representatives of different trades, of many nations, men with noses of every shape and hue, with towzled wigs, with impossible headgear, imps and demons, jesters and priests, dwarfs and giants, whimsicalities and oddities of every kind, marching in long procession down the street, each carrying on high a flaring torch and singing as they march the splendid sonorous verses of the *Gaudeamus*. Like a luminous serpent, the strange procession winds up and down the streets of the old City, leaving in its rear a trail of sparks, awakening as it goes the echoes of dead centuries. Back again to the College, through the low dark archway, and passing in single file each man flings his lighted torch into one great heap in the centre of the quadrangle. Then round the bonfire, hand in hand in a circle, these fantastic figures dance, now in deep shadow, as the smoke billows blackly, now illuminated by a clear red light as the forked flames leap up. Sometimes a masked creature darts across the circle, as though defying the flames, and then is swallowed up in darkness; sometimes a gust of wind tosses a shower of sparks out on the dancers, sometimes shrouds them in a cloud of smoke, and always

in deep resonant Latin the chaunt of the students' song :

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus :
Post jucundam juventutem, post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus, nos habebit humus.

'Lost and out of sight is a great part of the City. From castle to cathedral, from cathedral to the shore, from the shore into the open country, lies a maze of underground passages, hewn with pick and shovel out of the solid rock : passages sometimes lying but a few feet below the surface of the earth, sometimes descending by steps to a great depth. Narrow and low in places, and then suddenly widening out and heightening till they grow into vaulted rooms ; now leading straight as an arrow, now devious and serpentine ; here and there a parting of the ways and a side-passage branching off, no man knows whither. Lost is the secret of their exits and their entrances ; lost, too, is all definite knowledge of the underground church, vast in extent, which tradition says lies beneath the ruins of the Cathedral, built by the Brotherhood for safe-keeping of treasure in troublous times. Rumour has it that in another City, guarded by the Pope himself, lie the plans of that great lost church, and that he also knows of the many books, the valuable manuscripts, the wonderful altar-plate, here for three centuries hidden away. But if

this be so, the Pope keeps his secret, securely, silently.

‘Above these passages, at the far end of the town, the fisherpeople live. No able-bodied men about, only the women and the children and the old men. The grey street is their pleasaunce, and here in little groups they sit upon the causeway, the old men with flat brown wattle baskets between their knees, and a heap of dark, evil-smelling cockles by their side, baiting their lines for the sons who go to sea; the women, short-kilted, white-stockinged, and often with scarlet kerchief bound round their heads, sitting on their doorsteps clipping and mending the brown netting which the sea has torn, or leaning over the harled outside stair, shouting at the solid urchins in blue jerseys and corduroy breeks who roll in the street below.

‘High over the crow-step gables, the sea-gulls, land-driven by the weather, sweep through the air, and in the background, clear cut against the sky, the twin turrets of the Cathedral climb heavenward, uplifting and protecting still, despite their shattered glory.’

GAUDEAMUS.

‘ Joyful we, while youth is ours.
Morning fades to darkening hours.
Earth will claim us, claim us !

Where are they who lived before ?
Seek them on a distant shore.
Gods have claimed them, claimed them !

Life is brief and short its span ;
Swift comes Death and grips his man.
Death will claim us, claim us !

Prosper College, prosper Hall,
Students and Professors all !
Fortune claim them, claim them !

Prosper maidens, gay and rare !
Prosper matrons, sweet and fair !
Virtue claim them, claim them !

Prosper City, prosper State !
Prosper all who rule our Fate !
Justice claim we, claim we !

Perish sadness, perish gloom !
Foes and scoffers meet their doom !
Gladness claim we, claim we !’

XLIX

CANTUS CIVIS PRISC. UNIV. SANCT. ANDR.

'Grey towers looming o'er the sea,
Waves on the wild shore beating,
Thrill the student's heart with glee,
Warm the winter's greeting.

E'en the winds kind whispers bear,
Sweet is their soft refrain :
Winning a welcome joyous to hear,
"Parted we meet again."

Tender memories linger here,
Filling the heart with sadness :
Grey St. Andrews ever dear,
City of light and gladness !

Ne'er return those blissful days,
Blithesome mirth and singing,
Ne'ermore don the scarlet gown,
Or hear the old bells ringing.

Fancy hears the cheerful strain
Melt in the ocean's moan,
Pictures the bright scene again,
Exiled and alone.

Cluster'd arch and ivied wall,
Moss-grown gate and fane,
Proud Salvator's tower tall,
Still in the mind remain.

Snow-robed winter, in her train,
Yearnings brings and sighs :
Brings, but cannot give again
Loving hearts and eyes.

Blow then, winds, for ever blow
O'er grey spires and sea !
Beat, ye waves, her castled brow !
City dear to me.

Grey town looming o'er the sea,
Waves on the wild shore beating,
Thrill the student's heart with glee,
Warm the winter's greeting.'

BESSARION.

L

FROM WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE.

A VISION FROM AFAR.

' In the path between the willows,
In the path beside the stream,
Lies a deep and solemn silence,
Like the silence of a dream.

Slow and waveless flows the river,
Yet there comes at times to me
Noise of sunny billows breaking,
Moaning of the restless sea.

On a ruin-crested headland
Stands a city old and grey,
Listening to the ceaseless murmur
Of the breakers in the bay.

Tower and wall and arch and castle,
Crumbling stones that ivy binds,
And my well-loved Alma Mater,
Eldest nurse of Scottish minds.

Forms and faces throng around me,
Kindly eyes of genial men ;
All the past becomes the present,
And I greet them once again.

For a moment stays the vision,
Sudden sinks and swiftly fades,
And again the twilight nestles
Down beneath the willow shades.

LI

FROM ETHEL F. HEDDLE'S *A Mystery of St. Rule's*
(1902).

'Among the Cathedral ruins the velvety grass was bathed in sunshine, and there was a white flash of wings above the great Square Tower, where the pigeons were flying up to the blue sky. Just over the wall and the gate of Our Lady there flashed the sapphire line of the sea; one or two brown-sailed fishing-boats were drifting out into the dazzling shimmering distance. Even the many headstones, the little marble crosses, and the old-fashioned "table" gravestones with their faded lettering, by the cloisters, could hardly bring to the mind any thought of the dead who rested here. Where the High Altar had stood—in the palmy days of the Cathedral there had been a hundred altars—was a great flat stone, above which are now laid three immense stone coffins. . . . Down that long aisle, from the western gateway, four hundred clergy had come to offer prayer and praise on the arrival of the Papal Bull which inaugurated the University; here in solemn thanksgiving after Bannockburn had come the stern-faced Bruce, with his glittering retinue of soldiers and knights and nobles, fresh from that great and gallant victory—proud Scots, every one of them! . . .

‘We can walk up the bank yonder. St. Rule’s is fortunately leaving the sands alone to-day. It is a grey day, and they don’t understand the beauty of grey days. I do. Look at the sky, and the sand, and the sea! A study in silver-print! Look at that sea-gull—dove-coloured too! And the long billowy sweep of the sands, like an ochre-coloured prairie—and, behind it all, the haunted town, sea-girl!’

LII

LINES ON ST. ANDREWS.

By W. M. LINDSAY (1902).

‘Ille mihi ante alios placet angulus, ille recessus,
Humida ubi vastae spatia extenduntur arenae,
Quae maris invadunt fluctus iterumque reversi
Invadunt iterum et iam iam gestire videntur
In virides campos se praecipitare : ibi turba
It ludis intenta, maris secunda minarum.’

‘That nook, that retreat, is dear to me beyond all others, with its huge wet expanse of sand, that the sea’s waves invade, and returning re-invade, and seem fain anon anon to dash themselves on the green links. There a crowd moves absorbed in play, without a thought for the threatenings of the sea.’

From W. M. LINDSAY (1902).

AN EXAMINATION PAPER IN GOLF.

'A new course, qualifying for the Degree, is, we learn from a lately published Ordnance, "Golf, its theory and practice." By special provision, it is "not to be combined with Agriculture, nor with Language."

'For the benefit of those who may think of taking up this fascinating, though difficult, subject, we subjoin a specimen examination paper.

'1. "Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Would this be a good or a bad lie? What club would you recommend to Tityrus?

'2. "Claviger Alcides."

What is recorded of this famous caddie? Relate his adventure with the Stymphephalides.

'3. Give a brief account of the Thracian Triballi, and state whether four-ball matches were also allowed by this tribe. Show from historical evidence that golf and not pawn-broking was the origin of the name.

'4. (1) "I would that I were dead."

(2) "Dead, for a ducat, dead!"

- (3) "Oh! the little more, and how much it is!"

Illustrate by a sketch the progress of the ball

(A) towards the hole (B) at stage (1),
stage (2), stage (3).

5. (1) Inutile cingor ferrum—"I take the iron, but
it's of no use."

- (2) Tres super; unus adhuc—"Three up and
one to play."

- (3) Lydia, dormis—"L., you're dormy."

In what matches were these words uttered,
and by whom?

- (4) Et ego in Arcadia.

Where was this bunker?

- '6. What criticism can you offer on Cæsar's method
of negotiating the Rubicon water-hazard?

- '7. Describe the Seven-Hill course at Rome. How
far was it improved by (1) the Agger of Servius
Tullius, (2) Curtius' bunker in the Forum?

"Nec fortuitum spernere caespitem." Indicate
the precise position of this notice about the
replacing of divots.

"Depono tuto," "the ball to be dropped without
a penalty." Did this apply to the Tarpeian
rock?

- '8. Discuss the propriety of the following render-
ings:—

- (1) Ludere par impar—"To play the like,
then the odd."

- (2) *Permittere ventis*—"To allow for the wind."
- (3) *Totus teres atque rotundus*—"All even on the round."
- (4) *Nimis graviter ferre*—"To tak' it ower heavy."
- (5) *Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba*—"They raised a cloud of turf and unparliamentary language."
- (6) *Tumidoque inflavit ahen*—"He said, 'Blow this bulger brassy!'"

LIII

ST. ANDREWS : A GRADUATE'S RETROSPECT (1902).

'Three years have gathered in their sheaves,
 The labour's spent, the day is done ;
 The field that hardly seemed begun
 At last is strewn with autumn leaves.

And through the veil but thinly drawn
 The glory breaks across the years,
 As memory's eyes are strained in tears
 To catch the early streak of dawn,

When yonder piles that guard the bay,
 The storied keep, the chancel wall,
 The tower of St. Salvator's Hall,
 Became the friends of every day.

Thou city of our dear regret,
 Beloved by sea and air and sun,
 Thy gracious peace through strife hast won :
Thy beauty keep for ages yet.

Once more we linger in the street,
 We loiter lonely on the sand ;
 With sacred touch thy magic wand
Has cast a spell on all we meet.

The ghosts of bygone friendship's feast,
 With shafts of wit, and sounds of song,
 They mingle all in motley throng,
Like clouds that gather in the east.

The love is gone : its soul is sped :
 We fondly pause to hear the strain,
 And yearn to catch the old refrain
Of music whence the life is fled.

Our steps will follow unknown ways ;
 Yet distant echoes down the years
 Will float and fall on memory's ears
From deeds that crowded other days.'

B. B.

LIV

From WILLIAM B. SKENE, Pitlour (1902).

‘My recollections of St. Andrews go back to the year 1856, in which year I became a member of the Club. My cousin, General G. Moncrieff, and the late Principal Tulloch were elected the same year. I was never much of a player, but I played a good deal, mostly in foursomes. Among my partners and opponents were John Blackwood, who then lived at Strathtyrum, W. Campbell of Ormsary, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Whyte-Melville, Mr. Cathcart of Pitcairlie, and Major Hay. It was when playing in a match with Major Hay that the latter missed a shot badly, looked up, and, after a long pause, said, “Confound that lark!”

‘There were plenty of serious matches in those days. The late Mr. Wemyss of Wemyss Castle, Captain Goff, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. W. Cunningham were always ready to play for almost anything a round; and it was most exciting when the result depended on a short putt, when I have seen even Allan Robertson and Tom Morris miss on several occasions.

‘I was Captain of the Club. My predecessor was Sir A. Kinloch, and my successor the Right Hon.

W. P. Adam, with both of whom I had many good matches.

‘In 1876 Prince Leopold was Captain. We drove from Pitlour, where he was staying with me, to Mount Melville, where he was guest for the meeting of Mr. Whyte-Melville.

‘The Prince was fond of golf, but was a very indifferent player. Lord Brooke (now Lord Warwick) and I played the Prince and the late Sir R. Anstruther. I don’t recollect which won, or if it was an even match.

‘I think St. Andrews was much pleasanter in the old days than now. There were no numbers at the start, no big hotels, no Calcutta Cups and Jubilee Vase Competitions, and much fewer dogs and excursion trains. But, alas! these old days can never return, and in spite of all drawbacks, St. Andrews must always remain a most charming and attractive place.’

LV

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL (1902).

“St. Andry,” Love’s for thee not dead,
Whate’er thou taught’st of knowledge,
In days when we, not deeply read,
Were yet red-gown’d at College!

“Divinity”—“Humanities”
Thou taught’st as thou wast able :
We had our own Divinities—
Our own—most human—label !

And if we skyward turned our gaze
To azure Empyrean,
It was to watch white golf-balls blaze
Towards the “fields Elysian.”
And youth’s best instincts we obeyed
In hooting our Professors
When they barred out each learnèd maid,
And us, her intercessors.

Her champions, we upheld the sex,
Kate Kennedy’s sweet glory,
We made the row that cleared the checks
From woman’s cultured story.
If great were students when old days
Saw Butts hold silvern arrow,
We pierced our teachers’ “buts” in ways
That cleft their creed so narrow.

And so we rose in Church and State.
I do not greatly err if
Each one, though he were “aye sae blate,”
Is not, at least, a Sheriff !

The Marquis of Breadalbane 189

So here's, St. Andry, to thy links,
Thy sands, and ancient story—
Drink forty sips ; take forty winks,
And toast her 'gain "to-morry."

LVI

From the MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE,
24th September 1902.

'MY DEAR PROFESSOR KNIGHT,—After a lapse of over thirty years it is somewhat difficult to recall my student days at St. Andrews, though I certainly have nothing but the pleasantest reminiscences to look back upon, as when there I made many acquaintances who in after life became my staunchest friends, among them being my dear old friend, Professor Shairp (with whom I resided the first year I was at St. Andrews), as well as Dr. Boyd, whose house was next to that of the Principal's. Though in after life I learned to appreciate the good qualities and sterling friendship of Principal (then Professor) Shairp, I am afraid I did not thoroughly do so when a student residing in his house, and fear that both myself and the young American who was also attending the University, must have caused a good deal of anxiety to the Principal.

'I remember on one occasion we had to attend

a meeting of the Debating Society, which concluded with a supper, after which we returned to the Principal's house rather late at night, or possibly, to be more correct, early in the morning. The gas had been left lighted for us, and every one being in bed, we entered the house as quietly as possible ; but the hour of our return was made known to the Principal by the young American, who in endeavouring to turn off the gas at the top of the stairs outside our bedroom, upset a large glass globe which had not been properly fixed, the result being that the fall from the bracket on to the tiled floor at the foot of the stairs made a most prodigious noise, and aroused the whole household, including the Principal, who turned out in his dressing-gown, and from the manner in which he addressed us was apparently much annoyed. We did not make matters better by endeavouring to explain to him that the fall of the globe was caused through no fault of our own, but through the neglect of the housemaid in not putting it on properly.

'We, the American and myself, had scarcely made our peace with the Principal over the globe incident when the annual "Kate Kennedy" celebration came round, and it is scarcely necessary to say that we considered it absolutely necessary that we should, like the other students, take part in this ancient ceremony ; though we did so much against

the Principal's wishes, and the occasion was not improved in his eyes when the door of Professor Macdonald's house was nearly battered in by a mob of the wildest young fellows it was possible to find.

'Macdonald's name may be still remembered in St. Andrews. He was certainly a somewhat peculiar man. There have been many anecdotes told about him. His classes were not always very regularly held, though when he did hold one it was always well attended; and it was not easy on all occasions to follow what the Professor said, owing to the prolonged and enthusiastic reception which he always received from his students. He occasionally invited members of his class and some of his colleagues to partake of his hospitality, and at one of these feasts to which the American and myself were bidden, on arriving at the Professor's house, which we did rather early, we were somewhat astonished to find him in his shirt sleeves cooking the dinner himself, and our astonishment was still further increased when we found ourselves told off to various domestic duties—that of attending to the door and announcing the visitors falling to my lot, while the laying of the table devolved upon the young American.

'The College Hall had been established, and was popular under the then Warden, a clergyman in the

Church of England, but unfortunately for the success of the establishment, the Committee took to interfering in the management, and established a number of rules, which ultimately interfered with its success—in fact, the Committee tried to treat the students too much as if they were schoolboys. This they resented, with the result that the College Hall was closed in a very few years. The two rules the students of the Hall most objected to were, that they were not to enter the billiard-rooms of any of the hotels in St. Andrews, nor were they to accept an invitation to dinner or a party except on Friday and Saturday nights. Another bitter complaint was that the gas supplied was so meagre that it only made darkness visible. Being of a somewhat mechanical turn of mind, on being consulted by some of my friends in the Hall, I soon remedied this defect by advising them to purchase very large gas-burners, which I undertook to put on for them. While, however, this improvement immensely pleased the students, and reduced their bill for candles, it had not the same effect on the managers of the College Hall, for the Hall gas bill went up to such an extent that the Warden found it necessary to call the attention of the inmates to the largely increased consumption of gas.—Believe me, yours truly,

BREADALBANE.'

LVII

From G. R. T. Ross's *Poems* (1902).

RONDEAU (ST. ANDREWS).

'Along the sands to Edenside
In waning light at eventide,
We'll walk and see the grey waves break,
And broken ruined clouds that make
Their flight across the ocean wide.

Shells that the brown beach beautified,
Frail roofs whose tenant lives have died,
Shatter at every step we take

Along the sands.

A harsh good-night the gull hath cried ;
The wind for the day's death hath sighed,
And we, who live, now know how ache
Those hearts whom their last hopes forsake,
Yet sadden gazing pensive-eyed

Along the sands.'

LVIII

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, in a speech delivered at St. Andrews, July 18, 1902, said :—

‘ . . . I think of St. Andrews not only from its historical associations, which are great ; not only on account of its University, which stands high ; or even on account of its being the Mecca of our greatest Scottish game, or of its being one of the most rising and thriving watering-places in Scotland. I venture to claim for St. Andrews that in a sense it is worthy to be regarded as the capital of Scotland.

‘ I know that Edinburgh is usually regarded, and perhaps justly, in that capacity. I know that Glasgow claims to be the commercial capital of Scotland ; and Dundee—so worthily represented here to-day—claims to be the capital of a particular industry in Scotland ; and I have heard that Stirling and Perth, each in their turn and each at different periods of our Scottish history, have endeavoured to rival Edinburgh for its pride of place. I know that Inverness claims to be the capital of the Highlands and Dumfries the queen of the south. But to me, for its unique position, for its long history,

for the prominent place which it has occupied in a famous period of our Scottish history, there is a claim for St. Andrews which I should not like to see disregarded. And I am certain that on many of these grounds St. Andrews holds a place in the affections of all loyal Scotsmen—and all Scotsmen are loyal to Scotland—and its associations, which cannot be rivalled in its own peculiar sphere by any of the cities and towns which I have mentioned.

‘I do not know whether it is more distinguished for its history, or in connection with its University, or for its connection with that game to which I have just alluded. But I know that its records go back to the time of the Pictish Kings, who had their capital at Abernethy; that all through mediæval ages it was certainly by no means the least important city in an important part of the Christian Kingdom. I found the other day—I do not know whether it is a matter upon which St. Andrews will be particularly proud—that a certain Edward, who reigned in England in the thirteenth century and claimed erroneously to reign in Scotland, held a Parliament at St. Andrews, or what he chose to term a Parliament. I do not know whether the real Scottish Parliament ever came to St. Andrews at all, but I think there was one at least. I am not quite certain about it, but I fancy

from the indication which the Principal gives me that if he were put on trial he could do it, and perhaps instruct me. Still, of one thing I am certain, that I know of some University seats where there is a constant soreness and conflict between the University and municipal authorities. I am glad to think that does not exist in St. Andrews, and I am quite certain that the University is proud of the city in which it is placed, as I know the city is of the University, which lends distinction to it.'

LIX

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE of Skibo, speaking at
St. Andrews, July 18, 1902, said :—

‘Strange thoughts arise in the mind of a man from the bustling new world of our race when he stands in one of the oldest and most famous places of the old land, especially when that has become a shrine to which the thinkers and the scholars of the world make pilgrimages. What a history is hers ! and beyond history, away back sixteen centuries, tradition as potent as history in stirring the emotions ! How can we escape the solemn influence of the mighty past, standing in your midst direct from a

world of our own day where all is so new, so spick and span, and speaks of rapid growth springing up gourd-like in a night. St. Andrews has seen rapid growth, and been big in her long-chequered career, when at fair-time centuries ago hundreds of ships crowded her harbour. But who shall say that this epoch was the day of her true glory? Not I! That came later, when the ships and commerce and mere materialism had gone, and the things of the spirit had made this spot their home and nursery. I saw this morning the halo which surrounds her head; her true glory, which is better than all the rich argosies of the flood and modern splendour of material wealth. I stood and was thrilled, quivering with emotion at the foot of the monument to these true heroes, guiltless of their brothers' blood, but unsparing of their own, sacrifices upon the altar of their convictions, martyrs in the cause of religious liberty—for the right to think and to express what had been revealed to them in their own hearts and consciences—and conscience is the judge within sitting in judgment upon the thoughts and actions of man, the supreme tribunal, obedience to which is his highest duty. I asked myself—"Are we, the favoured descendants, worthy of the sacrifices these martyrs made? Would we, if called upon, march to fagot and stake for our principles, for a great cause, for the cause for which they marched and gloried in the

sacrifice?" A weighty and solemn question. I rejoiced in the answer which came. "Yes, the Scot, in numbers greater perhaps relative to population than then, would to-day prove himself capable of undergoing the same ordeal." He would do it for religious liberty, could we imagine that sacred cause imperilled in this happier day. He would suffer martyrdom for the independence of Scotland, if we can imagine it assailed. The Wallaces, Bruces, Wisharts, Hamiltons, and Mills are not extinct in Scotland: we of to-day would also do or die. The seed those heroes sowed is still prolific; and, if ever demanded, the world shall not look in vain to their descendants for sons worthy of such sires. There are still such men. There are thousands of latent martyrs and champions to-day, who would stand up for religious liberty, and for Scotland's national existence; so dear to us is religious liberty, so dear to us is our native land. . . . It is good for us to be here, and to have the heart stirred as St. Andrews alone can stir it. The freedom of the city is the highest honour which a community can bestow. My two distinguished colleagues of to-day, like myself, have received similar honours from other cities of our native land. Perhaps this is the smallest community which has been thus partial to us, but I am sure that we all feel that it has a distinctive character of its own. It differs, as its history does,

from all others ; but the honour conferred will shine not less brilliantly than those of more populous communities, glowing with a lustre and possessed of a charm, which St. Andrews alone can give.'

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